

WILD YOUTH - KOTZEBUE

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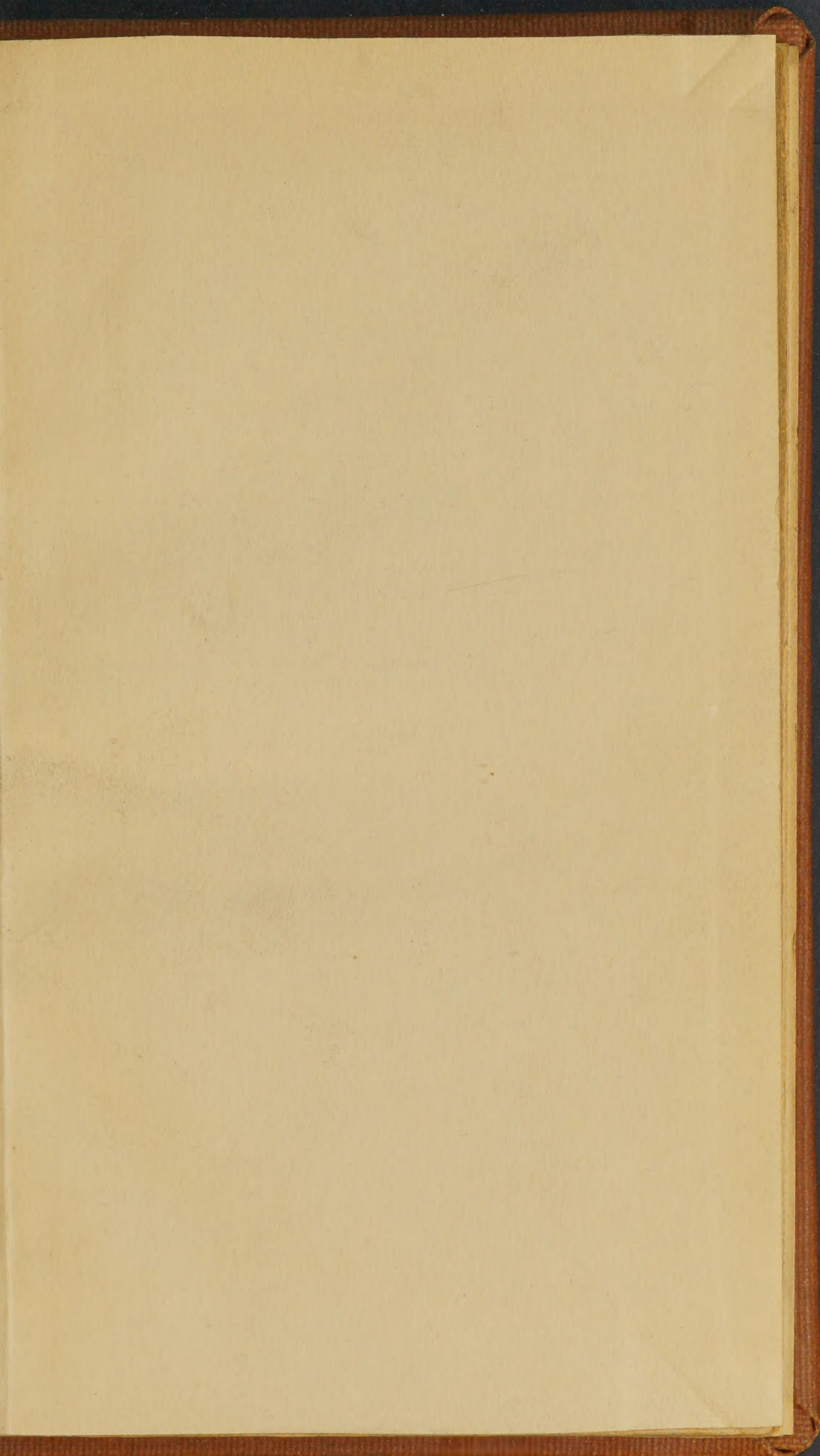


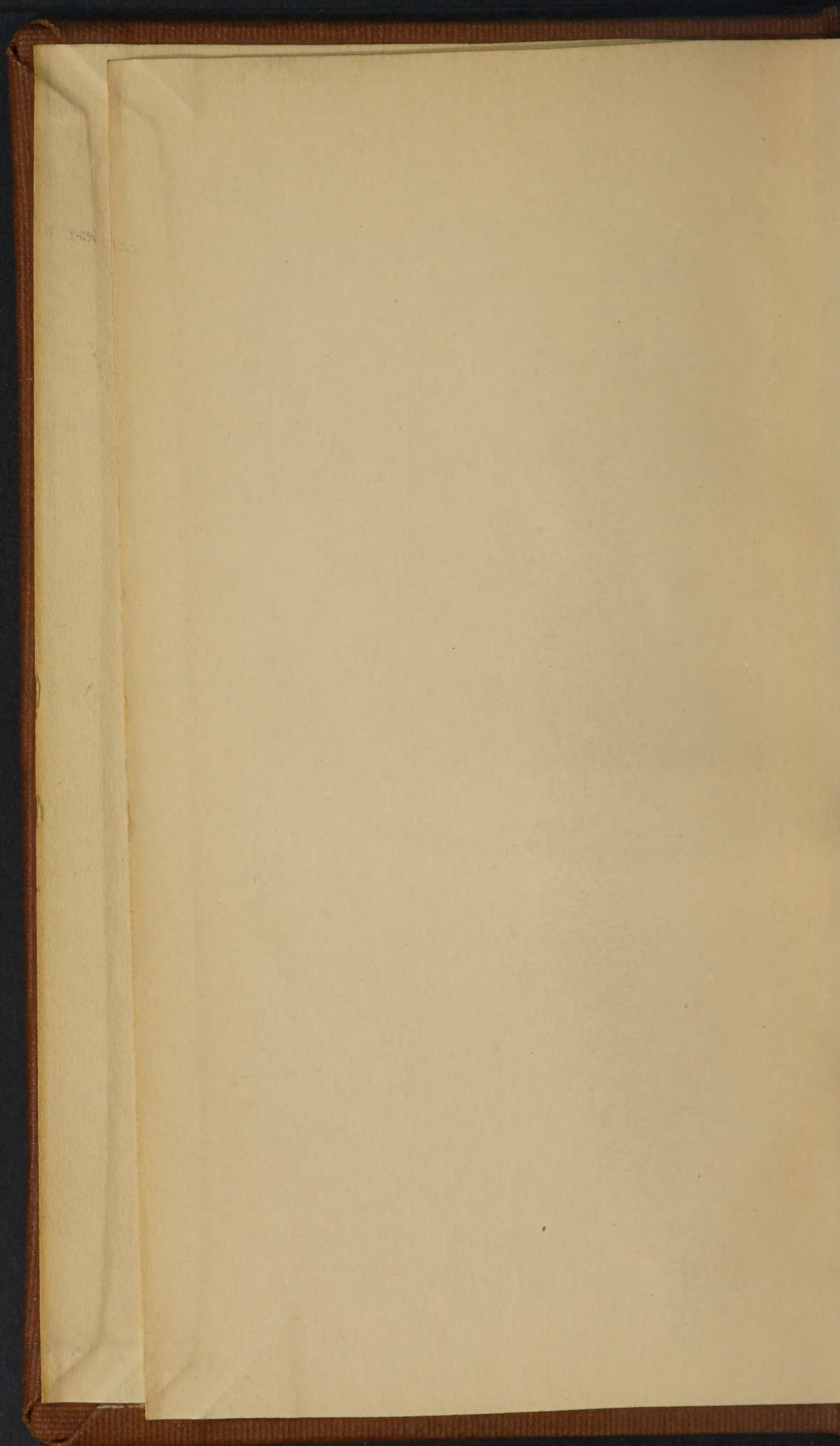
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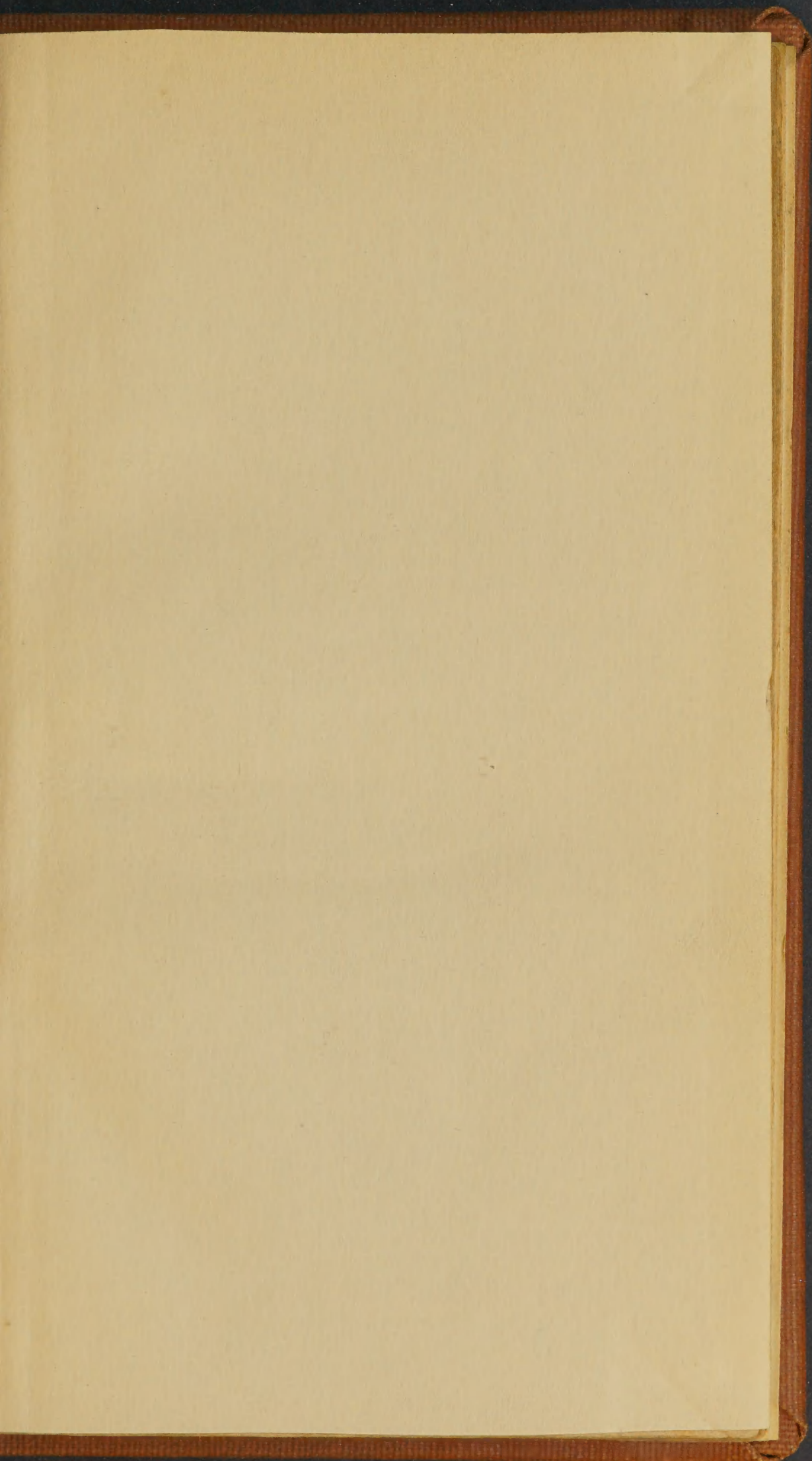
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Kotzebue, August Friedrich
" Ferdinand von

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THE
WILD YOUTH:
A
COMEDY FOR DIGESTION.
IN
THREE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

KOTZEBUE,

BY

CHARLES SMITH.

NEW-YORK:

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1800.

1103

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FREDERICK BARON WELLINGHORST. *Duffell*

FELIX, his Tutor, *J. Dunning*

BARON PIFFELBURG. *Francis*

JOHN MOLKUS, an Invalid with a wooden leg. *Ch. Horst*

HAIR-DRESSER. *Mr Dunning*

BARONESS BRUMBACH. *Mrs Fane*

NANNETTE, her Daughter. *White*

LISETTE, her Chambermaid. *M. Plavie*

SCENE—A Hall in an Inn, with a middle door, and several side doors, which are numbered.

THE
WILD YOUTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

FREDERICK *standing with folded arms before a door, and looking at the number.*

NUMBER three—an ominous number—one is tempted to become a Pythagorean—but I shall not stir from this place, till I know who lives here———a female figure, as beautiful as if *Angelica Kaufman** had been breathing her upon canvass——wife or maiden?——Oh, a maiden I am sure! at church she never turns her eye from the preacher: and when I meet her eye, her cheeks begin to glow like apple blossoms——In the end it's all the same——Frederick! Frederick! you lie (*pointing to his heart*) Here is something moving: May she be a girl!—
■ girl unengaged and free!

SCENE II.

LISETTE *comes to the door and calls,*

Molkus!

Molk. (*behind the scene*) Here!

Lif. Bring coffee!

(*goes off again.*)

Molk. Directly.

Fred. A pert thing. The chambermaid I suppose: I must throw ■ handful of money in her pocket.

* An unrivalled German female painter.

Molk. (*brings coffee*)

Fred. Where art thou going ?

Molk. Thou ? ——— I have not drank fellowship with any one.

Fred. Do not take it amiss, where are you carrying the coffee ?

Molk. To number three.

Fred. Who lives in number three ?

Molk. To-day such a one, to-morrow another, ■ it happens at inns.

Fred. Fool ! I will know ———

Molk. Sir ! if one man knows something, and another wants to know it, he must pay for it.

Fred. Just enough. There are three florins ———

Molk. 'Well ! a reasonable question deserves an answer. In number three there live three ladies.

Fred. Who are they ? what are their names ? where are they going to ? how long will they stay here ?

Molk. I don't know : I don't know : I don't know.

Fred. Don't you know their names ?

Molk. Their names ? yes, they are written in the town clerk's list.*

Fred. Well ?

Molk. The name of the old woman is Baronefs Brumbach.†

Fred. The name augurs nothing good.

Molk. The name of the little wild girl is Lifette, her chambermaid.

Fred. And that round angel's head ?

Molk. What angel's head ?

* Every stranger that enters the gates of any town in Germany, is registered.

† Brumbach : the first syllable of this name signifies ■ growling or peevish person.

Fred. That Grecian girl, with the beautiful swan's neck, and the lily bosom?

Molk. I do not understand you.

Fred. Blockhead, who is the third lady?

Molk. Blockhead? (*he looks at the money in his hand*) three florins—the blockhead may pass.

Fred. Well.

Molk. The third lady is the young Baroness.

Fred. And her name?

Molk. Well, her name is undoubtedly the same as her mother's.

Fred. Miss Brumbach? fy, that can't be her name.

Molk. Give her another name then.

Fred. So I will, by God! I will——Do you know any thing more?

Molk. Nothing more, but that the coffee is getting cold.

(*he goes into the room.*)

Fred. Miss Brumbach, then?——fy! the name makes me shiver——but how can this beautiful girl help her hateful name? is it not in my power, to-day or to-morrow, to rebaptize her?——Baroness Wellinghorst that sounds better. If I knew only how to get acquainted with her? (*he looks through the key-hole*) I see a green sofa, but no one sits upon it——On the right hand a looking-glass, but no one is reflected by it——I must lurk a little——(*as soon as he puts his eye to the key-hole, Lisette opens the door, and almost upsets him*)

SCENE III.

FREDERICK and LISETTE.

Lis. (*surprised*) Oho! what's that?

Fred. A formal siege, my pretty girl: but you make a fally, and the enemy retreats.

Lif. Have I hurt you, Sir ?

Fred. Yes, with your black eyes.

Lif. May I ask with whom you wish to speak ?

Fred. With you, my dear girl.

Lif. With me ? well, I am here.

Fred. Tell me in whose service you are ?

Lif. In Lady Brumbach's.

Fred. Who is Lady Brumbach ?

Lif. Dear Sir, you ask me what I can't answer. I am with her but three weeks, and of my predecessor I could learn nothing, for she only staid a fortnight with her.

Fred. And you three weeks already ? that does you credit.

Lif. My patience has already become as thin as a piece of thread, and if it was not for the dear miss——

Fred. The dear miss ! true ! the dearest miss !

Lif. Do you know her ?

Fred. I know but her, I have all my life time known nothing else.

Lif. Where have you seen her then ?

Fred. Yesterday at church.

Lif. Never before ?

Lif. (*smiling*) The acquaintance is short indeed.

Fred. I am young, and the lady is young too, and in short, I am mortally in love with her.

Lif. Aye, we don't know a word of that.

Fred. But I know it by heart.

Lif. Have you often such attacks ?

Fred. I must tell you, Lisette, that ever since my eighth year, I have been constantly in love, and I hope to be in love till my eightieth.

Lif. The last object of your love will be to be envied.

Fred. The last is your young mistress. I shall eternally love her.

Lif. Eternally ?

Fred. Not an hour less.

Lif. Well enough. Eternity is a fine little thing, especially in the mouth of a young gentleman of twenty.

Fred. Twenty-one, if you please.

Lif. Twenty-one ! I beg your pardon sir. But may I not know the name of the knight errand whom my young lady has made her slave ?

Fred. Baron Willinghorst. I am rich, have neither father nor mother : to-morrow I shall be of age, and can do as I please.

Lif. So, so, if only the young lady could do as she pleased.

Fred. Think you she would be willing ?

Lif. Why not ? here an old scolding mother, there a young friendly gentleman, here a draught of rhubarb, there a glass of lemonade——

Fred. You enrapture me ! I must kiss you.

Lif. (*opposing him*) Are you always accustomed to kiss the chambermaid of your beloved, when you are enraptured ?

Fred. Always, always, that's my way.

Lif. The young sparks kiss, and the old ones pay.

Fred. Oh ! on that subject I am a Methusalem. (*he gives her a purse full of money*) There little rogue.

Lif. (*with feigned resistance*) No, no,——it was't meant so——indeed you are irresistible.

Fred. Would to God your young lady was of the same opinion.

Lif. Who knows——

Fred. Tell her that I am languishing like Siegwart, and raging like Werter——

Lif. And love like Tom Jones.

Fred. That I am bashful and modest——

Lif. That you spout sparks like a sky-rocket.

Fred. Which at last dissolve in balls of fire.

Lif. But the balls of fire extinguish.

Fred. Dear child, we must not talk too long in similies——
Let us speak of my gratitude, which is as eternal as my love.

Lif. I am contented with four weeks.

Fred. Jest aside, you might put me in a grateful furor (*he takes a letter from his pocket, which he turns about in his hands*) If, for instance, you would——look at this letter.

Lif. Willingly (*she looks at it*) it's a letter without a direction.

Fred. It is from me, addressed through you to my future bride.

Lif. A bride without a name? I may then give it to whom I please.

Fred. Only not to the old lady Brumbach, keep it yourself rather.

Lif. No my dear sir of one and twenty years, we do not proceed in love as a letter does by post.

Fred. The God of love is drawn by pigeons, and pigeons fly. As soon as he puts snails to his chariot I'll walk slower too.

Lif. My young lady does not know even that you exist, and is to enter in correspondence with you. That's dangerous.

Fred. She has to read only.

Lif. The letter is copied from your eyes, I suppose?

Fred. Verbatim.

Lif. Then I know it by heart already.

Fred. But an ambassador without credentials.—

Lif. Patience! patience!

Fred. This word is not in my dictionary.

Lif. Then write it in it. Keep your tender letter. I shall tell her, that a handsome young gentleman, with a pair of large wild eyes, has resolved to love her eternally. Not so?

Fred. The very thing.

Lif. That he is a rich Baron, of age to-morrow.

Fred. Quite right.

Lif. And that he would marry her the day after to-morrow.

Fred. Why not to-morrow evening?

Lif. If but mamma is not too sparing with her maternal blessing.

Fred. Chance has made me a Baron, chance has given me two lordly estates: what can she have against me?

Lis. She will say, that children must not marry.

Fred. In a few years she may tell that to our children.

Lis. A mother does not like to share the myrtle crown with her daughter.

Fred. What ! is the old one going to marry a second time ?

Lis. A third time.

Fred. Bravo.

Lis. Her first husband she plagued to death, the second is run away, but the third she'll lock up more carefully.

Fred. Indeed ? yet she carries her young daughter about with her ? she wants to sell cucumbers and has melons in her basket.

Lis. We imagine the melons are not yet ripe, we call miss Nannette only the little girl, the child.

Fred. Miss Nannette ? is her name Nannette ?

Lis. Yes.

Fred. A lovely name. I am enraptured at the very name ! I must kiss you.

Lis. Again ?

Fred. If your young lady has half a dozen such pretty names, I kiss you six times more.

Lis. Be quiet, sir ! if we should be overheard, they will think you are in love with me.

Fred. Why not ? I am in love with you. I have been at one time, in love with eight girls

Lis. A pretty recommendation !

Fred. I was but young then.

Lis. To be sure, constancy comes but with age.

Fred. But if you think a divided heart burns weaker, the fire of my kisses shall prove to you —————

Lis. (*opposing him*) Baron ! Baron !

Felix. (*standing at the door*) Frederick ! Frederick !

Lis. (*screams and runs off.*)

SCENE IV.

FELIX (*in his night-gown*) FREDERICK.

Fred. Are you got up already, dear Mr. Felix.

Felix. I might ask you that. You are always asleep some hours longer than I.

Fred. Ah! love robs me of sleep.

Fel. Again? three miles from here it was the same case.

Fred. Three miles? just three? that's ominous.

Fel. How so?

Fred. Look at number three at the door there.

Fel. Well.

Fred. There lives my beloved.

Fel. What! she who just now went away?

Fred. That's the chambermaid only. A star of the sixth rank to the sun.

Fel. I am used to your suns and angels.

Fred. Dear Mr. Felix, if *Mahomet* could put the moon in his sleeves, I shall be able to marry the sun.

Fel. You will burn your wings.

Fred. You jest, but I am perfectly in earnest.

Fel. God forbid.

Fred. Why?

Fel. Because we find of twenty marriages scarcely one that's tolerable, and of an hundred but one that is happy.

Fred. You are a woman hater.

Fel. A burnt child dreads the fire, but a youth will throw himself into the flames.

Fred. What a sweetness there is in burning.

Fel. I know it, and have paid dear enough for my experience.

Fred. Only think, her name is Nannette.

Fel. And if her name was Angelica——— a name does not make an angel.

Fred. She is scarcely sixteen.

Fel. The longer she will torment you.

Fred. She is beautiful like a rose.

Fel. The more admirers will surround her.

Fred. She is mild like a pigeon.

Fel. Women are all so, but out of the house only.

Fred. Well then we ride out all day.

Fel. My young friend, you make a jest of the most serious occurrence of your life.

Fred. Just the contrary ; I think it to be the most pleasant. To love a beautiful girl, to be beloved by her, to marry her ; what more pleasant can there be ?

Fel. It's enough that I know you, and that I know how quick your sparks extinguish.

Fred. Because they were sparks : but now it is a Trojan fire.

Fel. Dear Frederick, leave off these romances. You know the world, you have at my side travelled through all Europe, and have seen something more than inns.

Fred. Yes, dear Mr. Felix, I have to thank you for my knowledge of man.

Fel. You know men, and don't know yourself.

Fred. The seven sages of Greece were not a breadth of hair the better off.

Fel. And if you have possessed your Nannette a twelve-month——

Fred. Then I have passed three hundred and sixty-five happy days.

Fel. And in the second year——

Fred. A day more, if it is a leap-year.

Fel. May my own terrible example serve you as a warning. I was also married, and am perhaps still.

Fred. Perhaps ? There is not much of tenderness in this perhaps ?

Fel. I played a romance with my wife. I gazed with her at

the moon, instead of looking into her heart ; and at the sunshine of reason I found that I was most egregiously mistaken.

Fred. Then you opened your Zenophon, and read the life of Socrates.

Fel. My Xantippe daily offered me the cup of poison. Vanity, obstinacy, and the damnable scandal at last drove me out of my house into the wide world.

Fred. You left her then.

Fel. It was wrong. I confess to you my weaknesses, to prevent you from falling into the same. I left her all my property, and my daughter ; took nothing with me, but the little knowledge I have acquired.

Fred. Particularly knowledge of women.

Fel. My adopted name Felix protected me from all enquiry, and so I came to your father's house, when you were but an infant.

Fred. Poor man ! why have you not called yourself *Infelix* ?

Fel. Your father's friendship, your genius, and the goodness of your heart, have these twelve years eased my grief.

Fred. My father died and left to me the duty of indemnifying you for his friendship.

Fel. You can do it if you please.

Fred. We must always remain together.

Fel. If my age will not be troublesome to you.

Fred. I could never be quite happy without your company.

Fel. I love you as my son, and warn you as my son. Your father's last words sound still in my ears.

Fred. Follow this man, he said to me, and my blessing will be upon you.

Fel. You will be of age to-morrow, and I have no more command over you. You are master of your fortune and your person. A friend dare only request and caution.

Fred. A friend ? you make me proud of this title---but my dear Mr. Felix ! why should I be unhappy in my marriage because you was so in yours ?

Fel. I don't say so. Many a one has drawn the highest prize ; but let that romantic fire once be vanished.

Fred. That may last long. I have lately been at the theatre, when Island's Bachelor was performed, and poor Reinhold moved me so that I resolved at once to marry.

Fel. You are much too young.

Fred. Youth can be contented easier.

Fel. And easier be satisfied.

Fred. Whoever chooses forty years, does not always choose well.

Fel. You do not know the object of your love. You have seen a book in English binding, and do not know its contents.

Fred. Should God have given to a bad book so fine a binding ?

Fel. An hour of reflection is better than a year of repentance.

Fred. Right, dear Mr. Felix, I will put Nannette to the proof with all the caution of a lover.

Fel. (*smiling*) That's all, to be sure, that a lover can promise.

Fred. In the first place, I have wrote her this letter, in which I tell her I adore her.

Fel. The best manner to acquire knowledge of her.

Fred. If I but knew how to get the letter into her hands.

Fel. In time we gather roses.

Fred. But when the roses are once in blossom there is no time to be lost.

Fel. You have called me your friend. Well, make use of my eyes. Love has put spectacles on my nose.

Fred. Is love then a dealer in spectacles ; or is it better to borrow a microscope from a hypocondriac ? he that breaks the spectacles of any man, deserves very little thanks——But, patience ! you shall see Nannette, and be bewitched by her yourself. Her soft blue eyes, her modest graces, her amiable bashfulness, her attractive innocence-----formed like a Grecian, blooming like a Circassian, the bosom of a Turkish, and the teeth of a Moorish beauty-----(*A servant girl, with a bunch of keys, passes over*

the stage : Frederick perceives her) Halt ! halt ! what a neat creature !-----hear, dear little one, do'nt run so fast ! Little fasten ! can you not wait ?

(He runs after her.)

Fel. There we have it ! each white apron puts him in flames. Thoughtless youth ! you mistake youthful flames for love ; woe to the poor girl that throws her myrtle garland into such straw flames.

[He retires to his room.]

SCENE V.

Lady Brumbach's Room.

LISETTE. (soon after) NANNETTE.

Lisette. (counting the money which Frederick gave her) eight dollars and a piece of gold. This young gentleman pleases me. He is as brisk as a cornet, and as generous as a prince. Let us see what a reasonable chambermaid has to do in such a case. Here burns the fire and there lays the straw. She has but to move the straw a little nearer the fire, and to blow a little into it, then the business is finished.

Nannette (appears) Has mamma got up ?

Lif. O yes, she is just combing her lap-dog.

Nannette. (Gaping) What day is to-day ?

Lif. Monday.

Nan. I am sorry.

Lif. How so ?

Nan. Because we are so far from Sunday.

Lif. Has the last sermon pleased you so much ?

Nan. The sermon ? Oh no ? but at church we see people, The whole week we dare not think of going out.

Lif. We see and are seen.

Nan. Who would look on my indifferent hat, and my plain white gown ? Indeed, I am ashamed. Mamma gives me nothing better.

Lif. Mamma Nature has been the more generous to you.

Nan. When I set among the fine dressed ladies, I feel, that Mamma is in the right.

Lif. In what ?

Nan. She always calls me a stupid ugly thing.

Lif. There are people, who would swear to the contrary.

Lif. Yes, Baron Piffelburg told me once that I was handsome, but mamma grew angry, and then he retracted.

Lif. I know a young gentleman who would not retract, if mamma was to become ten times as angry.

Nan. Do you know him ? how happy you are ! you know so many people.

Lif. I know him since half an hour only, but he prattled so much of you, that I could talk six months of it.

Nan. Of me ? tell me dear Lifette, tell.

Lif. He is young, well made, ardent in love-----

Nan. In love ? with whom ?

Lif. With Miss Nannette.

Nan. With me ! Oh my God ! how you frightened me !

Lif. With what ?

Nan. We must immediately acquaint mamma of it.

Lif. Aye, indeed !

Nan. You jest with me.

Lif. Not at all, he wants to marry you.

Nan. Marry me ? I fall in a swoon.

Lif. No matter for that.

Nan. Tell me, can I then indeed be married already ?

Lif. Why not ? if you meet with a good match ?

Nan. You make me laugh.

Lif. He is rich, and besides a nobleman :

Nan. Are then noblemen so amiable ?

Lif. Not always, but I lay a wager this one will please you.

Nan. If he loves me, you win the wager.

Lif. When I told him that your name was Nannette, he became so enraptured, that he embraced me.

Nan. Was that a token of his love too ?

Lif. Yes, indeed.

Nan. Very singular ; I do not like that.

Lif. He desired of me to carry a letter to you.

Nan. Quick, quick, where is it ?

Lif. Aye, aye, would that be becoming ? I have scolded him well for it.

Nan. Fy, that was stupid of you. No one has ever wrote to me yet ?

Lif. We must first know him better.

Nan. Now the poor young man will be grieved.

Lif. No danger ; grief does not seem to be his business.

Nan. But what will be the end of it ?

Lif. Time brings advice. Mamma will stay here for some time yet, for the romance with Baron Piffelburg begins to become serious. An opportunity will present itself to see and converse with each other.

Nan. To see and converse ? What do you think ? I could not lift an eye, nor speak a word.

Lif. That's his look out. Who knows what may happen. He has fine estates, and if you become Baroness Wellinghorst, I accompany you and marry his steward.

Nan. Yes, but——then he shall not embrace you any more.

Lif. Silence ! Mamma is coming.

SCENE VI.

Enter, Lady BRUMBACH.

Nan. (*kissing her hand*) Good morning, dear mamma.

Brumb. Good morning little thing. My God ! how you look again this morning : Well and blooming like a maid servant.

Nan. I slept very well.

Brum. But you are not to sleep well. It is not becoming a young girl of quality to sleep all night like a mountain rat.

Nan. After supper I can never keep my eyes open.

Brum. That's a rustic custom, (*sitting down at the table.*) A lady of education knows how to be sick becomingly, and I have thank God, not had a healthy hour all my life time.

Lif. A certain languishing softness has, thereby, spread itself over your whole frame.——

Brum. Men are tyrants. How could we so often trample under our feet the rights of the stronger, if we did not know how to render our weakness interesting. Weak nerves, cramps, Pyrmont water in the summer, and Baldrian pills in the winter, has converted many a boisterous husband into a pleasant companion.—— However, these maternal advices are too soon for you. Go, child, go to my cabinet; read the morning prayers and take Mops on your lap. I have to speak to Lifette. (*Exit Nannette.*)

Brum. The poor fellow! inquietude would not let him rest? What do you think, Lifette, shall I marry him.

Lif. This question, my lady, you must direct to your heart.

Brum. God forbid! I am glad the times are passed, in which the heart plays the master, and throws dust in the eyes of reason. Love is a good slave, but a bad master. Marrying is a bad custom, which one must comply with like the Siesta in Spain. But woe to the fool that bends her neck, when she is born to command.

Lif. With Baron Piffelburg——

Brum. Is not that running a risk? but even that is in his favor. A woman cannot appear in the world with decency, if she does not always carry an animal in man's cloath with her, and this Piffelburg may do as well as any other. His estate, to be sure, is involved, but he is of an old family and a very honest fellow. A certain polish, a certain fine feeling, we miss in him; so much the better! nature! nature! nothing excels nature!——Lifette, where are my teeth?

Lif. They lay in your apartment.

Brum. This man seems really attached to me. However, I shall put his obedience to the test.——

Lif. And if he answers the test?

Brum. I am tired of roving alone about in the world. I want a husband who can keep my accounts and quarrel with postillions and innkeepers. Besides, I have to provide for a little child——

Lif. Have you got a little child yet?

Brum. My God, have you forgot Nannette?

Lif. Miss Nannette——

Brum. What Miss! she is a child that scarcely knows the right hand from the left. I hope you are not putting stuff into her head——

Lif. God forbid! she hardly knows that she has a head.

Brum. There we have it. A mother's care is a very heavy care. Besides, there is Mops, the Canary bird—nothing can be trusted to you domestics. My future husband will have his hands full.

Lif. You might easily get rid of the care of Miss Nannette.

Brum. How so?

Lif. Give her a husband, the first the best.

Brum. Are you crazy? hah! hah! hah! this child a husband! We do not marry our girls as the Russians do their boys.

Lif. But if one could be found, who would take her——

Brum. Hold your tongue! Early marriage, late repentance. When the daughters *feel* the mother's must *think*. Hymen led by the god of love, is a Moloch, to whom I shall never sacrifice my child.

Lif. I should pity poor Mops, for he is so much attached to Miss Nannette.

Brum. For that very reason. No, as long as poor Mops is alive, Nannette dare not think of marrying.

A Servant (enters) Baron Piffelburg wishes to be admitted.

Brum. He is welcome.——Go, Lisette, let us be alone.

Lif. (aside). The shepherd's hour is at hand.

SCENE VII.

Lady BRUMBACH. Baron PIFFELBURG in a hunting habit.

Piff. Good luck to you, Lady! a fresh morning. I have been wetting my feet in the dew.

Brumb. You speak as pathetic as if you had read Kleist or Thompson.

Piff. Kleist? my cousin serves in that regiment. Thompson is the miller's name on my estate. The rascal is a deer stealer.

Brumb. Have you a good hunting ground?

Piff. The best in the country. Marry me, and you shall see a hunting match or a fox chase——You are old, madam, but I'll be shot if you have seen any thing like it, all your life time.

Brumb. It seems, Baron, as if you understood as much of a woman's age as of the Chinese language.

Piff. You are right, I speak German.

Brumb. Quite massive German.

Piff. The age of a horse I can determine to a hair, I have to look at the teeth only.

Brumb. Won't you go down into the stable?

Piff. What am I to do there? the inn-keeper has a pair of the age of twenty——

Brumb. Your language will be better understood there.

Piff. Have I again been guilty of a stupid action? D'ont take it amiss, I am plain and freight, but I mean it as honest as my pointer.

Brumb. Indeed, if one is not acquainted with your language——

Piff. What matters language, if but the heart has its charge? make once an end of it, madam, give me your hand. To-morrow shall be our wedding, and the next day the fox-chase.

Brumb. What are you thinking? at my age——

Piff. For that very reason, neither of us has any time to lose. I am an old boy too!

Brumb. My God! how old do you take me to be?

Piff. Have you not told me that your second husband was killed in the seven years war ?

Brumb. Why not at the Trojan conflagration ?

Piff. What of war ! of conflagration, I love peace, and would marry you, even if you had gone to school with Methusalem : Well, then, madam, make no difficulties. Come with me to Piffelburg. My pastor shall publish the bans from the pulpit, and then in the name of God : be fruitful and multiply.

Brumb. Not so rash, Mr. huntsman,. To kill a partridge, and to gain a woman, are two different things.

Piff. Have I not long enough watched for the game ; I think it is time to chase it.

Brumb. (*aside*) Stop, I'll sound my power, and heat your head a little. (*loud*) There is nothing more unsufferable than to conclude a marriage like a bargain of merchandize : where nothing of juvenile thoughtlessness is intermixed either by duel or suicide, either by night or elopement.

Piff. But, hang it, with whom am I to fight then ? whom shall I elope with ?

Brumb. Our romance shall not end so tragical, but thousand other things are to be considered—

Piff. Thousand ? that's a great deal. Begin then.

Brumb. And thousand little manners to be observed——

Piff. Upon my soul ! in this I am a novice.

Brumb. We must be alone.

Piff. Who interrupts us, then ?

Brumb. Can we not every moment be surpris'd by my daughter or my chambermaid ?

Piff. Well, then we send them back.

Brumb. That is against decency. Do you know what ? yonder door leads into the garden. Here is the key to it. At midnight, the hour of ghosts, I expect you here.

Piff. At midnight ! pshaw ! the wild huntsman* riots then.—

* Alluding to a German story, of the ghost of a dead huntsman rioting in the forests.

Brumb. I hope you are not afraid ?

Piff. No, no, but I may oversleep myself.

(She gives him the key.)

Brumb. Then you may to-morrow seek for a sweetheart in the dew.

Piff. But why am I to come just through the garden ? this house is a hotel, it is open all night, nobody prevents me from coming in.

Brumb. Will you expose my name ?——and then the garden, the fresh air, the song of the nightingales——

Piff. The nightingales d'ont sing now.

Brumb. In short, sir, through the garden is the way to my heart.

Piff. Well, well, I did'nt know that your heart was a garden house.

Brumb. Go, the comparison is not a bad one ; a garden-house, an arbour, faintly brightened by the light of the moon——

Piff. The moon does not shine now.

Brumb. We pass in the cool through the tufty walks——

Piff. We shall catch cold.

Brumb. A lover must not shun a consumption even——

Piff. If I loose my usual night's rest, I am not worth a shot of powder the whole day.

Brumb. So much the better. There is no merit without a sacrifice.

Piff. I think, madam, we should leave such triflings to young people. If we add your age and mine together, the product will exceed a century——

Brumb. This man will make a Cybela of me.

Piff. We both have the gout.

Brumb. Your mind is terribly deranged.

Piff. I am plagued with the hip, and you are sometimes short-breathed.——

Brumb. My God !——how am I—I am falling in a swoon---

Piff. There we have it ! and yet she wants to walk about at night.

Brumb. Nannette !—Lisette !—I die———

Piff. No danger. Swallow a handful of gun-powder.

Brumb. Nannette !—Lisette !— help ! help !

SCENE VIII.

Enter NANNETTE. LISETTE, the former.

Lif. What is it ?

Nan. What's the matter with you, dear mamma ?

Brumb. My salts——give me my salts.

Lif. (*holds it to her nose*) I am sure the young Baron Piffelburg has taken liberties.

Piff. What young Baron Piffelburg ! I am an old man (*half aside*) and she is too changing into wisdom, as the Russian hares in the winter season do into whiteness.

Brumb. Get out of my sight !

Piff. (*aside*) Rot it, she is getting angry. (*loud*) Dear creature, I did'nt mean to offend you.

Brumb. Away with you, I say !

Piff. Remember the beautiful Duet in the *Cosa rara*. Let us make peace——

Brumb. A charming *Lubino* !

Piff. I'll send an excellent hog into your kitchen.

Brumb. Go to the devil with your hog.

Piff. upon my soul, it is becoming serious !

Lif. Don't you hear ? you are to go.

Piff. Yes, yes, but may I not come again ?

Brumb. Never, no more !

Piff. Well, well, I know what I have to do, and if that fails, I found a retreat, and couple the hounds. [*Exit.*

Brumb. Is he gone indeed ? without throwing himself at my feet ?

Lif. You will excuse him, he is a little stiff.

Brumb. Ah ! how much have we to excuse in men !

Nan. Dear mamma, do the Russian hares get white in the winter ?

Brumb. You are a goose.

Nan. If my lover was to tell me such things, I would give him up instantly.

Brumb. Is it possible ! what do I hear ! the infants in the cradle will soon babble to each other : I love you ! each puppet will be an *amor*, and each sugar cake a love letter. Miss Pertness ! Do you then know the beings, who are called lovers ?

Nan. Not yet so exactly.

Brumb. Let us hear what conception you have of them ?

Nan. A lover is a creature——which I like very well.

Lif. Right miss, one cannot define it.

Brumb. Beware, child, of a lover, more than of the spring sun : The one only spoils the skin, the other the heart.

Lif. And if he don't spoil it, he takes it away.

Nan. One might swear that it was made for that.

Brumb. A lover is a cunning being, which will take advantage of your weakness.

Nan. Are we then weak when we have a lover ?

Lif. That happens sometimes.

Brumb. Like a slave he will lay at your feet. Let him lay.

Nan. The poor creature !

Brumb. If you raise him up, he is your tyrant.

Lif. The rogue !

Brumb. A lover is a second Proteus, he will insinuate himself in all kinds of shape.

SCENE IX.

FREDERICK, (*dressed like a hair-dresser, with a powder-bag under his arm, puts his head into the door.*)

Fred. I beg pardon, do I come right here?

Lif. (*laughing*) Indeed in all manner of shape.

Brumb. Whom are you looking for, my friend?

Fred. I am looking for the amiable Baroness Brumbach.

Brumb. I am the same, but speak with reverence.

Fred. In my country, love and reverence are inseparable.

Lif. (*aside to Nannette*) Miss, this is the young Baron.

Nan. (*cries*) Ah!

Brumb. What ails you?

Nan. Nothing, dear mamma.

Lif. You frightened her so much about the lovers.

Nan. Must I then run away when I see one?

Brumb. Yes, if I am not present.

Fred. In this country children become knowing very early.

Brumb. 'Tis so, my friend, but what's your desire?

Fred. I wish to have the honor to put your silken locks into curls.

Brumb. You have taken this trouble in vain: I have a hair-dresser.

Fred. Quite right, he is my employer: he has been taken sick, and sends me instead of him.

Brumb. So, so, what ails him then?

Fred. He——has broke his leg.

Brumb. Poor man: how did that happen?

Fred. He went up the steeple of St. Ann's Church, on his return he glided and fell down seventy-seven feet.

Brumb. Yes, yes, he that climbs high falls low——Lisette give me my dressing-gown.

Lif. (*bringing the dressing-gown.*) My friend, have you been long while at this trade?

Fred. I hope soon to be master——(*begins dressing*)

Lif. Then you'll marry, I suppose?

Fred. (*looking stealthily at Nannette*) O yes, if my love is not rejected.

Brumb. What countryman are you?

Fred. I am an emigrant from Alsace, if I am found out I am lost.

Brumb. You must take care.

Fred. I take all possible pains to deceive all those, who want to be deceived.

Brumb. You are right. Have you many customers in this city?

Fred. I forget them all when I am with you, Baroness.

Brumb. You are a droll. Do you dress the Baroness Hengsburg?——

Fred. Baroness Hengsburg? O yes

Brumb. How old do you think that lady may be?

Fred. Baroness Hengsburg?——how old?——

You, my lady, might be her daughter.

Brumb. (*smiling*) Not so old. She is a few years younger than I.

Fred. Is it possible! (*he shows Nannette his letter—Lisette takes it and gives it to her.*)

Brumb. But it is natural that she looks so old. Irregular living.

Fred. If I was her husband, I would keep her short.

Brumb. She is a widow.

Fred. True, she is a widow.

Brumb. No, they are separated.

Fred. Or separated, the same thing.

Nan. (*is going away with the letter,*)

Brumb. Where are you going?

Nann. To my room.

Brumb. Stay, you have nothing to do there.

(*Nannette opens the letter slyly.*)

Brumb. Has the revolution driven you from your country ?

Fred. To my sorrow ! they wanted to force liberty upon me, and (*casting a glance on Nannette*) I love servitude so much—

Brumb. Hair-dressers are the slaves of luxury.

Fred. I intended to fly to England, but since Pitt has laid a tax upon hair-powder, not much is to be gained there.

Brumb. Lifette give me—(*turning her head she perceives Nannette reading*) he—mifs, what have you got there ?

Nan. (*frightened*) Nothing, dear mamma.

Brumb. Nothing ? I will see it : Here with it !

Nan. It is——it is——

Lif. It is a paper——

Brumb. Will you obey ?

Fred. Ah ! most likely the letter I had in my powder-bag.

Brumb. What letter ?

Fred. Your roguish chambermaid, I dare say, has stole it out of the bag.

Lif. You might have chosen a more civil expression.

Brumb. Shall I soon be informed of the thing in question ?

Fred. Between us, madam, but you must not betray me, it is a letter to the Baroness Hengstberg.

Brumb. To that lady ? Let me see it.

Fred. When I dressed her hair this morning I found it upon her toilet.

Brumb. How imprudent !

Fred. And in that instant it was in my bag. With your permission I'll read it to you.

Brumb. Read my friend. Go to your room, Nannette.

Fred. Why ? the young miss will not understand any thing of it.

Brumb. Children should not hear such things. Yet you may stay to draw good advice from it.

Fred. (*reads, throwing glances at Nannette*) " My dear amiable creature ! "

Brumb. Very fine ! she has grey eyes, and freckles in her face.

Fred. (reads) "I saw you but once, but my heart is yours forever."

Brumb. The fool ! what is his name ?

Fred. The letter has no signature.

Brumb. Read on.

Fred. (reads) "When you came from church yesterday"—

Brumb. From church ! that woman never goes to church.

Fred. (reads) "at the side of your ugly old mother."——

Brumb. True, her mother is an ugly old woman, and as malicious as a cat.

Lif. And as vain as a peacock.

Fred. And as stupid as a goose.

Brumb. Malicious, vain and stupid, an excellent picture ha ! ha ! ha !

Fred. and Lif. ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Brumb. Proceed.

Fred. (reads) "I am young, rich, and in love with you."

Brumb. Three fine things.

Fred. (reads) "I love you inexpressibly."

Brumb. My God ! it becomes quite flat.

Fred. (reads) "Give your hand to a young man, who means it honest."

Brumb. A lover's honesty is suspicious.

Fred. (reads) "Whose birth is equal to yours, and who will deliver you from your mother's tyranny."

Brumb. I d'ont know that. The mother complies with every thing, her daughter wants.

Fred. "Let us try to deceive your mother."

Brumb. That's not very difficult.

Fred. "And if all is in vain, then you fly to the arms of him who adores you."

Brumb. Even an elopement ? This was yet wanting ?——
How I shall laugh at the old woman ! ——Is that tender pallaver at an end ?

Fred. Not a syllable more.

Lif. But I think the young gentleman has been very explicit.

Nan. Very explicit.

Brumb. He has, indeed, if even you have understood it.

Lif. What would you say, miss Nannette, if such a letter was written to you?

Nan. I would not suffer my mother to be made a jest of.

Lif. Then you would reject the ardent youth.

Nan. Not just that.

Brumb. How can you put the poor child in such a confusion?

Nan. I am confused indeed, dear mamma.

Brumb. And so Baroness Hengstburg entertains a secret correspondence with a young unknown one.

Fred. I know who he is.

Brumb. Well? quick!

Fred. A certain Baron Wellinghorst.

Brumb. Baron Wellinghorst? aye! aye! at our tea-party this evening, I must communicate it to four of my most intimate friends.

SCENE X.

Enter a Hair-Dresser.

Hair-Dresser. Madam, your most humble servant.

Brumb. My God, sir, have you not broke your leg?

Hairdr. Broke my leg?

Lif. Did you not get upon the steeple of St. Ann's church?

Hairdr. Upon St. Ann's steeple?

Nan. And fell down seven and seventy feet?

Fred. But you might have broke your leg?

Hairdr. Might have broke my leg?

Fred. This time he got off with a bruise.

Hairdr. With a bruise? I do not understand a word of all that.

Brumb. Why then have you sent your journeyman to me ?

Fred. (*winking to him*) My dear master have you not ordered me to dress this lady ?

Hairdr. Not at all ! as long as I have a sound pair of legs I can serve my customers myself.

Fred. But you do not dress hair with your legs——

Hairdr. This fellow is an impostor.

Fred. (*tries to put some money in his hands*) You do not understand me right.

Hairdr. There is nothing to understand. I see you are a stupid fellow, where are your customers ?

Fred. (*endeavors again to put money into his hands*)——
Here, here.

Hairdr. Nothing here ! I have a few sixpences yet to drink a pot of beer with.

Nan. (*aside*) I am frightened to death !

Brumb. He is then not in your employ ?

Hairdr. No more than your Mops. He is an impostor, a vagrant.

Brumb. Young fellow ! what has put it into your head, to intrude yourself into my house ?

Fred. (*collecting himself*) Well, I will confess it : I am an unfortunate youth——I saw you, madam !——I saw you !——is not that saying all ?

Brumb. And what is that to signify ?

Fred. If love is a crime, then may he pardon me who made my heart so feeling and you so charming !——I was seized with the most violent passion, yet I did not lose sight of modesty. The only wish I had was to see you, to be near you. I meditated on the means, and fell upon this innocent disguise ; But my lips would never have uttered, what forever may drive me from your presence. (*he kneels down*) Punish me now ! punish in me the power of your attractions !

Brumb. My friend, you either tell a lie, or you are a fool. Get up, I pardon you.

Fred. (rises) Ah ! I must be gone ! (*with a glance at Nannette*) but my heart remains behind !

Brumb. Who tells you that you are to go ? You are a young good for nothing fellow, who might be mended by reasonable correction——You see, dear Mr. Hairdresser, that nothing can be done with this young man.

Hairdr. Nothing be done ? he must go to Bridewell.

Brumb. If I excuse his boldness you may do the same.

Hairdr. Your ladyship does not lose a single cent by it, but he quacks into my business.

Brumb. In short, master, there is your money. I have a right to be dressed by whom I please ; I take this young man into my service, as valet de chambre.

Fred. (kisses her hand with extacy) You restore me to life again.

Hairdr. But he does not understand hairdressing. Only see how he towzed your hair.

Brumb. That's nothing to you. Be off !

Hairdr. Take care, young fellow, I shall complain to the police of you.

Lif. D'ont you hear ? you are to go.

Hairdr. I shall get you drummed out of town.

Brumb. Drum my valet de chambre out of the city ?—— you ruffian !

Lif. He is a fool !

Nan. An unpolished fellow !

Fred. An envious rascal !

Hairdr. You are a bread thief ! a good-for-nothing rogue !

Fred. and Lif. (pushing him towards the door) Go ! go ! out with you !

SCENE XI.

In that moment Piffelburg enters, behind him a huntsman with half a dozen hares. Frederick and Lisette throw the hair-dresser upon Piffelburg, who pushes him upon the huntsman, and the latter throws him out of the door.)

Hairdresser. (crying out) A cheat ! a cheat !

Piff. What is the fellow talking ? are these not fresh hares, killed this morning ?

Brumb. You return already, sir ?

Piff. Yes, madam, and what am I bringing with me ? he ?—

—half a dozen hares, as peace-makers between you and me.

Brumb. Your price of peace is slender indeed.

Piff. I think six hares——

Fred. And a Bear into the bargain.

Piff. There are no bears in this country.

Brumb. If I knew that true repentance had led you to my feet.

Piff. To be sure, my dearest, here they all lay at your feet.

Fred. The most repentant hares in the world.

Brumb. My God ! the animals stink !

Piff. How can they stink, they have only been shot this morning ?——ha ! ha ! ha !

Fred. And the gentleman has been shot too.

Brumb. Young man, you take a little too much liberty for a valet de chambre.

Piff. A valet de chambre ? (he looks at him attentively) hail and lightning ! are you not the young Baron, in whose company I was last evening at the coffee-house ?

Brumb. A Baron ?

Fred. I at the coffee-house ? ah ! my God ! I am sometimes glad if I can get a drink of small beer.

Piff. I am damn'd if it is'nt you ! Did we not drink three bowls of punch together ?

Fred. You are mistaken, sir.

Piff. Have we not been very merry together ?

Fred. God knows who made himself merry with you.

Piff. Did you not say, that a beautiful young lady lived here in this inn, who had an ugly old mother? Did you not call the mother an old beast? Did you not drink the young lady's health?

Brumb. Heavens! could it be possible?

Lif. (*aside*) Now we are in a pretty pickle!

Nan. (*aside*) I die!

Fred. You are blind, sir.

Piff. I blind? I have even this morning shot four hares?

Fred. Blind! blind! I tell you! blind! blind! blind! (*he powders his whole face full and runs away.*)

Piff. (*shaking himself*) hell and damnation!———Baron! I am a nobleman———a huntsman———We must see each other with pistols!

Brumb. How am I?———my eyes become open———Such an affront to me———I fall in a swoon!———

Piff. The fellow is a deer-stealer, he wanted to hunt upon strange ground.

Brumb. I die!———Where is my faithful friend?———

Piff. Here! here!

Brumb. The only one who never deceived me!———My Mops———My last consolation?———(*she goes slowly towards her apartment*)

Piff. May I accompany you?

Brumb. (*weak and faintly*) Go to the devil! (*Exit.*

Piff. Then I must go with you.

Nan. Well, sir, I shall tell my mother of that.

Piff. So miss, and who is the cause of all this chase? a sprightly young huntsman has traced your scent, and follows you through bush and wood———

Lif. And an old hunter cries halloo! that the game runs off. Is that right?

Piff. No, that's not right.

Lif. Well, then, young lady, we leave this gentleman in good company, (*she points to the hares and goes off with Nannette.*

SCENE XII.PIFFELBURG——*alone.*

Here they leave me alone like a mill-stone, and powdered like a hare in the snow. Thunder and lightning ! If the old one had not plenty of dollars, I'll be damn'd if I ever would put my foot again upon this hunting-ground, where an honest fellow remains sticking in swamp and morafs. What is to be done ! One may shoot a crow, that carries gold to his nest——I shall have to make use of the garden key, to open the money chest with it. (*Exit.*)

ACT II.

The same Apartment.

SCENE I.

LISETTE, coming from the bedchamber, and going to the middle door, calls out,

MOLKUS !

Molkus. (*behind the scene*) Here !

Lis. (*lamentable*) Molkus !

Molk. (*appears*) What is it ?

Lis. (*more lamentable*) Dear Molkus !

Molk. Well ?

Lis. (*quite friendly and cheerful*) Good day to you.

Molk. Nothing else ?

Lis. Is a good day nothing ?

Molk. Nothing in your mouth.

Lis. Then may heaven give you the worst day !

Molk. I thank you.

Lis. As bad as the day on which you lost your leg.

Molk. 'Twas my day of honor.

Lif. Ha ! ha ! ha ! men are foolish beings. A soldier looses a leg——that's his day of honor. A girl bends her neck to the yoke of matrimony——that's her day of honor. A nun takes the veil——that's her day of honor. The first receives a medal, the second a husband, and the third nothing at all. It's a good thing that putting on of foolscaps has got out of fashion. Every man is a fool ; is it not true, Molkus ?

Molk. Not true.

Lif. The wooden legg'd look down upon the strait legg'd, the strait legg'd upon the bendy legg'd, and the bendy legg'd again upon the wooden legg'd.

Molk. Balderdash ! (*he is going*)

Lif. Where are you going ?

Molk. I am going !

Lif. Do you know then what I have to tell you ?

Molk. No.

Lif. D'ont you want to know it ?

Molk. No.

Lif. But you shall know it. Lady Brumbach orders you to wait for her here, she is going to take an airing in her carriage.

Molk. Well.

if. But she is not well——No——Well !——
t answers are these ?

olk. Short ones.

f. Do you measure your answers by your short leg ?

Iolk. Yes.

Lif. Do you know what, my friend, get your head shot away so, you have as little use for it as for your leg.

Molk. I do not always talk with women.

Lif. Blockhead ! What then do the men want generally in women's company ?

Molk. Every thing but a head.

Lif. And if it was not for the women, my God, who then would put your heads to rights ?

SCENE II.

Enter BRUMBACH, NANNETTE.

Brumb. Are you there, Molkus?

Molk. Here?

Brumb. I shall go to my Milliner, for half an hour.

Molk. Good.

Brumb. You see here two foolish girls.

Molk. Yes.

Brumb. But that wild impudent boy, who is after one of these girls, you do'nt see.

Molk. No.

Brum. He most likely will make use of my absence. If he comes, I order you to throw him out.

Molk. Through the door or the window?

Brum. Where you like.

Molk. Good.

Brum. (*to Nannette*) You silly thing, you read meanwhile in the works of Madame de Beaumont, or Mad. de Genlis.—*pour former le coeur and l'esprit.* You Lisette, take care of Mops.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

NANNETTE, LISETTE, MOLKUS.

Molkus. (*puts a chair before the door, sits upon it, takes a short tobacco pipe out of his pocket, fills it, and strikes fire.*)

Lif. You do not ask, whether we like the smell of tobacco?

Molk. No.

Lif. Miss, pray fall in a swoon a little.

Molk. Just as you please.

Nan. I d'ont understand that yet, I must learn it from mamma.

Lif. This would be the finest opportunity to speak to your lover.

Nan. Do you think so ?

Lif. He certainly is not far off.

Nan. Methinks I feel it.

Lif. How can we get rid of this blockhead ?

Nan. Give him good words.

Lif. I would rather give them to Mops, he wags his tail at least.

Nan. We will both try it——Dear Molkus——

Lif. Charming Molkus !

Molk. What else ?

Lif. You sit very uncomfortable.

Molk. It's very well.

Lif. An old meritorious foldier like you, 'should be carried on hands.

Molk. A wooden leg is better than a woman's hand.

Lif. In my lady's apartment stands a very soft sofa.

Molk. Let it stand there.

Lif. We will conduct you there.

Molk. I thank you.

Lif. Then I fetch from under the bed the bottle with the Dantzic cordials.

Molk. I am not dry.

Lif. You deserve to have your likeness engraved, on account of your honesty.

Nan. Glazed and framed.

Lif. Then we will hang you under the looking-glass.

Nan. Ah ! I wish you were hanging there already.

Lif. (*aside*) or at the gallows.

Nan. Let me step out a moment to the balcony.

Molk. I dare not.

Lif. To take a little fresh air, we are here almost suffocated with smoke.

Molk. 'Tis not so bad.

Lif. Dear, charming Molkus, can you refuse me any thing ?

Molk. I can.

Lif. Do but hear, how the lovely young lady flatters you.

Molk. And the lovely mother growls.

Lif. Is it then all in vain?

Molk. All.

Lif. But you must be hungry? There are some almond cakes.

Molk. I eat ammunition bread.

Lif. Well, then come down into the kitchen, to have a bit of roast beef with it.

Molk. It's too soon yet.

Lif. It grows dark already.

Molk. Do you know where that comes from?

Lif. Well?

Molk. Because the evening is approaching.

Lif. And do you know, why you are a blockhead?

Molk. No.

Lif. Because you are all darkness, night in your head, and midnight in your heart.

Molk. So?

Lif. What is to be done with the blockhead?

Molk. Nothing.

Nann. (*flattering him*) You are an honest fellow, dear Molkus.

Molk. To your sorrow. Is it not so?

Lif. Then we may converse without compliments.

Molk. Without compliments.

Lif. Tell me then, do you relish your pipe?

Molk. O yes.

Lif. But do you know, where we properly ought to smoke?

Molk. Where we relish it.

Lif. No, in the guard room. (*She knocks his pipe from his mouth*)

Molk. (*takes it up again coolly*) If you do that again——

Lif. Well, and what then?

Molk. Then I pick it up again.

Lif. Dear, damnable Molkus! Pray get a little in a passion at least.

Molk. Anger is hurtful.

Lif. Nothing hurts you, my iron Molkus: you may get angry without danger, my wooden-door-post. Place yourself in the cornfield, my dear straw-man, and drive the birds away.

Molk. That's what I am just doing.

Lif. You remain faithful to your post, like a painted soldier over a door. You have the spirit of a lump of lead, and the heart of a chained dog.

Molk. And you are witty like a chambermaid.

Lif. Tell me, in how many battles you ran away?

Molk. Ran away?

Lif. It can't be otherwise; you must have run away, for all your sensibility was in your leg. When it was shot away, the blockish stump remained motionless on the ground, but, I am sure, the leg was long convulsed like that of a spider.

Molk. You are a poisonous spider.

Lif. Immoveable blockhead! do you think we are sultanesses? And you suffer yourself to be placed as a miserable Harem's guard?

Molk. I know which part of your body cannot be wounded.

Lif. Well?

Molk. Your lungs.

Lif. It is not worth while to speak to you.

Molk. Then let me alone.

Lif. You neither hear nor see, neither taste nor feel; you can only smell your stinking tobacco.

Molk. The tobacco is not bad.

Lif. Come Miss, let us leave this unpolished fellow. He is worse than an oyster, that has even not two senses.

(knocking at the door.)

Molk. I have two senses, for I just hear the knocking at the door.

Lif. Then get up, and go out. (*the knocking is repeated.*)

Molk. Get up? Yes—but to go out? No. (*he gets up and puts his head through the door*) Who is there?

A rough voice on the outside. A friend!

Molk. What friend?

The voice. An old invalid wants to speak to the honest John Molkus.

Molk. An Invalid?—Stop comrad! Young lady and miss march to your apartment!

Lif. With all my heart. Do you think we shall stay here in your tobacco society and suffer ourselves to be smoked.

Nann. Come, let us see how mops does.

Lif. Unluckily, fate has destined us, not to see any but dogs faces. [Exit.

Molk. (*opens the door*) Walk in comrad.

SCENE IV.

Enter FREDERICK as an invalid, with a wooden leg and several scars on his face.

Fred. Welcome old boy! Do you know me yet?

Molk. No.

Fred. Dont you know George Frolich, of the regiment of Steinacker.

Molk. George Frolich? h'm! have quite forgot him.

Fred. Do you recollect our encampment before Prague, in the year 1757?

Molk. Before Prague? Oh that I know very well. Our regiment was encamped on the Ties Kaberg.

Fred. When the Austrians made an attack on the batteries of Strohhof.

Molk. And Prince Ferdinand of Prussia repulsed them.

Fred. And when they afterwards made a trial on the side of Wisherad.

Molk. And how our grape shot took them in flank.

Fred. How the Prince of Lorraine endeavored to surprise us with 4000 men.

Molk. And how we sent them back with bloody noses.

Fred. It was a pity that the weather became so bad.

Molk. And that the Moldau swelled to such a height.

Fred. To carry all our bridges away.

Molk. Right brother! I find that you have been there.

Fred. I not there? upon my soul! I was with our battalion when we attacked the Austrians at the windmill of Segeshuk. So we stood, and so we marched towards them, (*he marches straight towards the young lady's room*) hark there! halloo! where is the enemy! Come out of your holes!

Molk. Gently, gently brother! this is not a windmill.— Some women live there.

Fred. God forbid! I would rather attack a party of Croats.

Molk. That's just my way of thinking.

Fred. When I hear of women, I run like the French at Rosback.

Molk. You just think as I do.

Fred. I would rather loose my other leg too.

Molk. Where have you lost your leg.

Fred. At Collin.

Molk. Just the place where I lost mine.

Fred. They may possibly lay together in one grave. The deuce fetch the legs! if the heart is but fresh. Come brother, let us drink together. (*draws a bottle out of his pocket.*)

Molk. With all my heart. The health of old Frederic!

Fred. Long live Frederic. (*he drinks and gives Molkus the bottle.*)

Molk. At Collin, under General Hulsen, I helped to attack the burying ground.

Fred. I was in the brigade of Manstein.

Molk. Then you had to do with the Pandors.

Fred. Do you see the scar on my cheek?

Molk. May the Pandors perish. (*he continues drinking.*)

Fred. At Sweidnitz I was present at the assault of the water fort.

Molk. At Olmutz I fought in the trenches.

Fred. At Gibau we were attacked by Laudon when we convoyed a train of transports.

Molk. In the defiles of Krenau we sweated bravely.

Fred. What of Krenau! at Leuthen, there we had warm work.

Molk. But brother, you seem to be young yet, and have been in the whole seven years war?

Fred. Brother, I am an old boy, but the wine kept me young. Drink, brother, drink! he that wants to remain young, must drink.

Molk. Yes, yes, must drink. (*drinks.*)

Fred. No women, and plenty of wine, that makes fresh blood.

Molk. Yes, yes, plenty of wine. (*drinks.*)

Fred. How do you come into this house among the women? I would rather live in the barracks.

Molk. How I come among these women?—I stand here sentry.

Fred. For shame, Comrade!—You stood often sentry at the General's tent, and now over women?

Molk. What's to be done comrad?—We must put up with the times. In the field we want two legs, but in winter quarters, one will do.

Fred. (*feigning to be drunk*) Think you so?—No brother, he that meddles with women, must have two legs at least.

Molk. (*beginning to feel the power of the wine*) Two tongues would be better for him.

Fred. A man with a sound pair of arms, must fight. For that reason I entered into the Hessian service.

Molk. Among the Hessians?—

Fred. And went to America.

Molk. With one leg!

Fred. See now, brother—I calculated that I had but one leg to loose—

Molk. Why then?

Fred. Because the other was already buried at Collin.

Molk. Upon my soul! You are a sensible fellow—Long life to you!—(*drinks*)

Fred. But I would rather gain three battles on land, than to perish once at sea.

Molk. The sea must be terrible wet.

Fred. And always drunk—always drunk—

Molk. The sea!—

Fred. Yes, brother, what am I telling you—For instance, we want to sail this way, but the sea won't—and we are thrown that way—(*he staggers towards Nanette's room*) Now we want to get upon this tack—but there comes a wave, and throws us straight upon a rock! (*he runs against the door with such violence that it cracks open.*)

Molk. He! he! he! he!—Take care, comrad, you are running on a sand bank.

Fred. I think I am fast already.—Heigh! Here! Help! help!

Molk. Ha!—Ho!—Ha!—I tell you, this coast is inhabited but by women—

Fred. Let them come. When I have a glass too much, I never fear them.

Molk. I can bear them when wine makes me merry—

Fred. I shall fire alarm guns—Piff! Paff! Puff!

Molk. Ha! ha! ha! Piff! Paff! Puff!

SCENE V.

Enter LISETTE. Soon after, NANNETTE.

Lif. My God, what a riot! You drunken fellows, do you think here is a sutlers tent?

Fred. (secretly) Lisette! Lisette! I am Baron Willinghorst.

Lif. (cries) Oh!

Molk. Right, Lisette! You are a pretty sutler's girl.

Lif. Miss, come here as quick as possible.

Nann. (enters) What is the matter?

Lif. Here is a drunken man, whom you are to make sober.

Fred. Dearest Nannette, love plays a comedy.

Nann. Ah! Is it possible!

Lif. (approaches Molkus) Well Molkus, how is it.

Molk. Always upon two legs, my lovely child.

Fred. Our minutes are precious. I love you beyond expression.

Lif. Is this an old brother soldier?

Molk. We lay before Prague together.

Fred. May I flatter myself with hopes?

Nann. Ah!

Fred. May I explain that sigh to my advantage?

Nann. Can I prevent that?

Lif. You had hot work there!

Molk. Piff! puff! puff! here Pandors there Croats.

Fred. Will you marry me?

Nann. My mother will never give her consent.

Lif. I have never seen a Pandor in my life.

Molk. The devil possesses these fellows.

Fred. Fly to my arms.

Nann. Against my mother's will? never!

Molk. But when a Pandor sees a pretty girl, for instance you, Lisette.

Lif. Well?

Molk. Then he becomes tame like a lamb.

Lif. Aye!

Fred. To-morrow we will throw ourselves at your mother's feet and obtain forgiveness.

Nann. Those that ask for forgiveness must have transgressed first.

Molk. Upon my soul, you are a fine damsel.

Lif. Indeed.

Fred. If you would love me.

Molk. If you loved me.

Nann. Has not my heart betrayed me?

Lif. (*stroking his beard*) Do you think then I hate you?

Fred. Then flee this night, and to-morrow you are mine forever!

Molk. You hate me not, little rogue?

Nann. I am guarded by thousand eyes.

Lif. Who could see the valiant Molkus, and remain indifferent?

Fred. Love will enchant them all into blindness.

Molk. If that's true, then give me a kiss.

Lif. If you promise to marry me.

Fred. May I make a trial this night, to elope with you?

Molk. To marry? Ha! ha! ha! have never married in my life.

Nann. How will you force yourself through locks and doors?

Fred. That's my care.

Lif. Try only, we shall live together like doves.

Molk. Like doves! ha! ha! ha!

Fred. Have I your consent?

Nann. I trust to you my innocence.

Molk. But the kiss—the kiss.

Lif. (*kissing him*) There you have it.

Fred. (*embracing Nannette*) Heavenly girl.

Molk. (*seeing it*) Aye! aye! comrade!

Fred. What is it brother?

Molk. You are attacking Sweidnitz.

Fred. The fort is ours!

Molk. Victory! let us fire victory! Piff! paff! puff!

Lady Brumbach (*without*) Unharness the horses.

Lif. My god, the old one is coming!

Nann. Ah, my mother!

Fred. Where can I fly to?

Lif. She is at the door.

Molk. Victory! the old one comes!

Fred. Is the window high?

Lif. But one story. It leads into the garden.

Fred. Adieu, dear Nannette! I shall see you again. (*he jumps upon a chair, and thence through the window.*)

Nann. Ah! if he but does not hurt himself.

Molk. Haigh Comrade! Where are you going?

SCENE VI.

Enter LADY BRUMBACH.

Brumb. What riot is this! When the cat is out of the way, the mice jump upon tables and benches.

Lif. (*aside*) She forgot the chairs.

Molk. Victory! The old cat is arrived.

Brumb. Molkus, are you drunk?

Molk. The fellow has but one leg and leaps like a wild goat.

Brumb. Who gave him to drink?

Nann. Not I.

Lif. Nor I neither.

Brumb. Go block-head! go to sleep.

Molk. (*to Lifette*) Come then, little bride, let us go to sleep.

Brumb. Are you crazy?

Lif. To-morrow, dear Molkus, to-morrow.

Molk. To-morrow, the regimental priest shall come——

“ John Molkus! Will you have this girl?”——Yes.——

“ Lisette Pertness, will you marry John Molkus?”

Lif. No.

Molk. Yes.——Good night, children, good night, sleep well!
(*he reels to the window.*)

Brumb. Where are you going?

Molk. I am going to look for my comrade.

Brumb. Your comrade?

Molk. (*calling out of the window*) Holloo! George Frolich! Where are you?

Lif. (*drawing him from the window*) you are mistaken, there is the door.

Molk. I can't leave my comrade in the lurch.

Brumb. What is all this?

Nann. He is drunk.

Molk. Drunk or not drunk! he stormed the Water Fort at Sweidnitz, consequently——

Lif. (*dragging him to the door*) Consequently you must go to sleep.

Molk. We must first fire victory.

Lif. Fire without, as much as you please. (*She shows him out of doors.*)

Molk. (*without*) Piff! Paff! Puff!

Brumb. Has any body been here?

Nann. Not a soul.

Brumb. Look at me (*Nannette raises her eyes timorously*) can you swear?

Nann. Lisette, can I swear?

Lif. Why not? I should like to know, how any body could have entered here? Has not this drunken fellow been constantly sitting at the door? Has he not smoked us with

his tobacco and brandy, it stinks here just like a guard-room.

Brumb. Why did you not remain in your room?

Lif. We were going to meet you, when we heard the carriage.

Brumb. How is Mops?

Lif. He is in a sweet slumber.

Brumb. It is late, children, go to bed.

Lif. Shall I not undress you first, Madam?

Brumb. No.

Nann. Shall I read the evening prayers to you, Mama?

Brumb. No. You shall go to bed. I intend to set up. There is a fine star light night, I have some knowledge of Astronomy, I know the great Bear, and the Orion.

Lif. (aside) Alas! Where is our Sattelite of Venus!

Nann. (kissing her mother's hand) Good night, dear Mama.

Brumb. Go my child, endeavour not to sleep so much. Think of the affront you have met with to-day, and you have cause enough for a sleepless night.

Nann. An affront? To me?

Brumb. Have you already forgot that impudent fellow and his powder bag?

Nann. Ah! I did not know that a girl can be affronted by an offer of marriage.

Brumb. He marry you? a boy just from school, and a girl hardly bigger than her doll?

Nann. I am sure Mama, he wants to marry me.

Brumb. Indeed? and how do you know that?

Nann. I—I suppose so——

Brumb. I suppose that you are a fool.

Lif. To marry? What are you thinking, Miss? They come, they gaze; they love; they burn; first a flame, then coals, then cinders. Woe to the girl, that makes a cinder barrel of her heart.

Brumb. Right Lisette, explain that chapter a little to her before you go to sleep, away to bed!

Lif. To bed! to bed!

(Exeunt Naunette and Lisette.)

SCENE VII.

LADY BRUMBACH *alone.*

The hour of trial is approaching. Obedience, Mr. Piffelburg, submission—he that shuns a cold, will he, as husband fetch the Physician at night, when I am taken ill? *Accommodating* to me he shall be, but not *accommodated*. In short, if I have given him the garden key in vain, then door and heart shall be shut against him. He that mounts a galley the third time to be chained to the oar; does not deserve compassion.—I'll put out the lights, that I may perhaps over-hear his talking to himself, *(she extinguishes the lights.)* Confess it only, Salomeh, you wish a good termination of the Romance, for the disagreeable circumstance of your being already forty-eight—hush!—in the name of God. I hope I am not overheard! alas! old age has traitors enough, without the help of the tongue.—What is that? Why this rustling of the trees, near the window?—Methinks I hear the creaking of the window.—Indeed! I feel by the drawft, that it opens more and more.—Should Piffelburg—to give me a token of his obedience—endeavour to creep through the window?—that would be charming—hush? hush!—I must see the end of that.

SCENE VIII.

FRED. *(Opens the window, and puts his head through it.)*

Fred. Hush! hush!—all is quiet—all darkness—I may venture—*(he creeps through the window, the wooden leg is left behind.)* Here I am again. But what more?—

It is so dark that one can't see the hand before ones face.—
On the right hand is the door, (*he fumbles about*) hush!
hush!

Brumb. (*in the back ground*) hush! hush!

Fred. He answers—(*in a low voice*) is any body here?

Brumb. (*with a dissembled voice*) I am here.

Fred. My beloved?

Brumb. Yes.

Fred. O hasten to my arms.

Brumb. Here! here!

Fred. Where? where? (*he runs towards the voice and at last embraces Madame Brumbach.*) I hold you in my arms and no power of earth shall tear me from you again!

Brumb. (*crying*) Ah! this is not Piffelburg.

Fred. (*leaving her*) Damnation! this is not Nannette.

Brumb. Help! help! thieves! robbers!

Fred. This will become a funny affair.

SCENE IX.

Enter JOHN MULKUS, (with a light.)

Molk. What is the matter here, is it the witches' holyday?

Fred. By heavens! it is the old one.

Molk. But comrade, how do you come by this sound leg?

Fred. Who are you sir? what is your business here?

Fred. (*in consternation*)—I have long since wished for the honor of your acquaintance.

Brumb. And therefore you had to come through the window?

Fred. If I durst tell you every thing—If I could be so fortunate, to speak to you a few minutes in private.

Brumb. (*to Molkus*) Set your candle down and be off with you.

Molk. Do but tell me comrade, where you got this leg from? procure me mine too.

Brumb. Go to sleep, I command you.

Molk. The fellow is a sorcerer.—(*he puts down the candle, and goes off.*)

SCENE X.

FRED. LADY BRUMBACH.

Brumb. Now sir, we are alone.

Fred. (aside) What shall I say?

Brumb. I am anxious to know, how it happens, that you appear here, at the very hour in which I expect Baron Piffelburg? and that in so strange a manner.

Fred. Baron Piffelburg?—for that very reason, Madame—because I know that the power of your attractions, extend themselves even to a man, to whom I am in the nearest relation.

Brumb. Nearly related to you? how is that?

Fred. Ah! Madame! you see in me a ball of fate, an unfortunate child of love.

Brumb. A bastard.

Fred. Baron Piffelburg is my father.

Brumb. Your father?

Fred. My mother was his housekeeper, and something more. After her beauty faded away, he turned her off, the cruel man; she went into the wide world, and maintained her and me by begging.

Brumb. This is the consequence when we leave the path of virtue.

Fred. I grew up and entered into military service.—I have fought in Russia against the Turks, and in Flanders against the French—The scars on my face are proofs of my valour.

Brumb. Was not your father moved by that?

Fred. I have wrote to him many lamentable letters, but never received the least support.

Brumb. (*aside*) the poor young fellow, I pity him.

Fred. Chance at last brought me to this city—I learned, that my father met with the fate of all whoseee you, Madame; that he loved you, *that he* adored you.

Brumb. A little less poetry, I beg.

Fred. I heard at the same time, that you were the most amiable, and beneficent Lady, that ever was formed by the maternal hand of Nature. A ray of hopes raised itself in my heart, and I resolved to direct myself to you.

Brumb. But why just through the window? and did you not, in the darkness, speak of a beloved?

Fred. Will you pardon me, that, deprived of all hopes, ever to be allowed to approach you, I directed myself to Lisette, your chambermaid? and that I intended this night to consult with her on the means, to gain your feeling heart in favour of a wretch who wishes to have to thank you for the alleviation of his miseries?

Brumb. Then it was Lisette whom you expected?

Fred. Whom else, Madame? It is Lisette that painted to me in heavenly colours the amiable picture of your virtues; it is she who inspired me with hopes, that you would use the power you have over my father, in favour of a youth, who feels himself less miserable, since he is so near you.

Brumb. (*aside*) The young man speaks well. (*loud*) I promise you, to do something for you.

Fred. (*kisses her hand*) Rejoice, poor Frederic! the beautiful Baroness Brumbach takes your part.

Brumb. I expect your father every moment. You shall be witness——

Fred. No! no! I will ascribe it all to your power, and nothing to the impulse of nature. Permit me to take my leave.

Brumb. No, no, you shall stay.

Fred. My father might—at the first sight of me——

Brumb. I engage to put his head to rights.

Fred. I know him—he is headstrong.

Brumb. Don't you know, that love can lead lions by a silken thread?

SCENE XI.

Enter PIFFELBURG.

Piff. Here I am. Hail and lightning! this is a cold night.

Fred. (aside) Now, impudence, assist me?

Brumb. Welcome, Sir. You are a fine bird. You never told me that you had children?

Piff. I? Children?

Brumb. That a son of yours ranges about in the world, a prey to misery?

Piff. A son? of mine?

Brumb. Indeed, a fine young man, well deserving to be taken notice of.

Piff. Are you jesting with me?

Brumb. Be ashamed! do you know this youth?

Piff. I have never seen him in my life.

Fred. (at his feet) Yes, my father! Do not deny the voice of nature! recognize in me your son, your unfortunate Frederic!

Piff. What the devil! are we playing a comedy?

Fred. Ah! till now it has been a tragedy, it is to you to convert it into a comedy! take me into your paternal arms! let the tears of parental love trickle upon my cheeks.

Piff. Young man, are you mad?

Fred. Your cruelty will deprive me of reason.

Brumb. Will you continue to shut up your heart against nature's tender feelings?

Piff. The fellow is a fool, and makes a fool of me.

Fred. Do you hear it, Madame? he disowns me! Me, the son of his housekeeper, who loved him faithfully, and took disinterested care of his linen and kitchen. He desires my misery! He desires my death! Cruel father! to-morrow my bloody corpse will be found in the river! to-morrow the cry of woe will fall upon you!——Ha! I already see the devil's claws stretched out to take hold of my poor soul——Away, away with you to hell! (*aside*) Stop a little, I'll plague you more yet. [Exit.

Brumb. And you let him go?

Piff. He may go to the devil! The fellow is out of his mind. Why does the police not confine such vagabonds?

Brumb. Out of his mind? No, Sir, he spoke very reasonable.

Piff. But, hail and lightning! there is as little reason in this as in an air gun. He that has no housekeeper can have no son, and he that has no son cannot be a father, how?

Brumb. You deceive me. It is very probable that he belongs to you.

Piff. Why then? perhaps because he is a fine fellow?

Brumb. What reason can he have to pretend to be your son?

Piff. St. Hubertus may know that.

Brumb. In the first place you are not rich.

Piff. Alas! no.

Brumb. In the second you are hard hearted.

Piff. By all the elements! Must we then erect a foundling house, to gain the name of being tender hearted? I cannot bear the hearts, on which every flower makes an impression, and every tear digs a hole.

Brumb. What advantage then can he expect by such a deception?

Piff. I declare it once more, that St. Hubertus may know that better than I. He is a pretty fellow indeed, he has made fine progress in villainy. Who can know what he is aiming at.

Brumb. But if he throws himself into the water?

Piff. No danger of that.

Brumb. And is dead to-morrow?

Piff. Then I will be condemned, to shoot sparrows and to dig moles all my life time.

Brumb. I observe, sir, that you possess more cunning than I expected of you.

Piff. The devil take me, if I have more cunning than a shot of gunpowder.

Brumb. Do you know that my chambermaid is acquainted with the young man?

Piff. That I believe. Chambermaids have many acquaintances.

Brumb. And consequently is able to unmask your hypocrisy.

Piff. My conscience is as blank as my fowling piece.

Brumb. We shall soon hear that. (*she opens the door of her apartment*) Lisette? are you in your bed?

Lis. (behind the scene) No, Madame.

Brumb. Then come here for a moment.

SCENE XII.

Enter LISETTE.

Lis. Here I am. What are your commands?

Brumb. You are a pretty creature, you have nightly rendezvous.

Lis. I, Madame?

Brumb. You let young fellows come in through the window.

Lis. (aside) Oh Lord! Lord!

Brumb. But, this time I'll excuse you, if you will openly confess: Where have you made acquaintance with that young man?

Lis. Here in this house—he was so friendly—so complaisant—

Brumb. And how do you know him to be the son of Baron Piffelberg?

Lif. (*is confused.*)

Piff. Out with it! I will know all. In short, I will not suffer that such a gallows bird shall declare himself to be my son.

Lif. Has he then confessed it himself—that this gentleman is his father?

Brumb. He has. He has solicited my protection and called you as a witness.

Lif. Well, if he has disclosed the secret himself, I must confess, that he has indeed the honor to be very nearly related to Baron Piffelburg.

Piff. To the devil, but not to me!

Brumb. There we have it. Have you evidence Lisette?

Lif. O yes—for—one dare not tell every thing—

Piff. Out of the bush!

Brumb. Perhaps you know his mother?

Lif. His mother?—yes—she is a distant relation of mine.

Brumb. Now, Baron Piffelburg.

Piff. Caltrops! fox draps! wolf's ditches! I'll be shot with peas, if there is a single word of truth in all this gibberish.

Brumb. A penitent confession might perhaps have gained my forgiveness. But now—what am I to think? There are undoubtedly more such boys running about in the world—who knows, how many poor deceived damsels are sitting behind their spinning wheels, wetting the flax with their tears for your faithlessness.

Piff. I'll be hanged, Madame, if my conscience is not so pure, that I might find a hidden treasure.

Lif. But I should not like to stand in the circle.

SCENE XIII.

Enter FREDERIC (dressed in women's clothes, with a veil over his face.)

Fred. (to Piffelburg) Have I found you at last, faithless man? Have I at last discovered your clandestine practices?

Brumb. What is that?

Lif. A new scene indeed.

Fred. Is this the reward for my fidelity and constancy? Is this the way you fulfil your vows?

Piff. Thunder and lightning! have I then entered a mad-house?

Brumb. Who are you, Madame? What do you want?

Ered. Pardon, Madame, an unfortunate woman, who has been cruelly deceived. Thousand times has this gentleman vowed to me eternal love, thousand times has he promised to marry me. This ring he gave me as a pledge of his faith.

(he weeps.)

Brumb. Is it possible!

Piff. Woman! are you possessed with the devil?

Fred. So? now I am possessed with the devil? but when you lay at my feet, and coaxed me out of my innocence, then I was an angel.

Piff. Satan's angel!

Fred. (weeping) And now you throw me from you, now, when I carry the pledge of love under my heart——

Piff. Sirrah! another child!

Brumb. I am petrified.

Fred. Long since I have heard, that you walk on uneven ground, but I would not believe it; I took the trouble of watching you, and when you at midnight stole out of the house like a thief, I followed you.

Piff. Woman! I'll tear your scandalous tongue out of your throat!

Brumb. Stop, Sir! I take her under my protection.

Fred. Dear Madame! you are generous and beautiful, your sight alone can serve the traitor as an excuse.

Piff. Satan! come but out doors, I break your neck, and put you in Bridewell.

Fred. There you hear it.—Even his own flesh and blood he wo'nt spare. Ah! poor me! what shall I do! I dare not go from here, he will murder me!

Piff. Yes, you hawk! that I will! you crows' face! you night-hawk!

Brumb. Be tranquil, Madame, you shall be protected. Go meanwhile to my daughter, there you are perfectly secure.

Fred. Ah! Madame! fame does not say too much of you, when it describes you as the most generous lady.

Brumb. Conduct her in Lisette, (*secretly*) and let her out of the back door, here is the key.

Lis. (*stifling a laugh*) Very well, follow me Madame.

Fred. (*to Piffelburg*) Farewell, you tyrant! ah! you still beloved traitor! (*Goes with Lisette into the apartment.*)

SCENE XIV.

LADY BRUMBACH. PIFFELBURG.

Piff. So it goes, when one does not remain quietly in one's bed at midnight.—'Tis all witchcraft. Satan has let loose seven evil spirits.

Brumb. You want to persuade me that the devil is the father of your bastards?

Piff. The devil suffocate me on the first cross road, if I ever have seen that woman in all my life, no more than that villain, who with all the powers of hell, wants to be my son!

Brumb. In short sir, all is over between us.

Piff. Do but examine first.

Brumb. What is there to examine? here a son and there a mistress.

Piff. The one deserves the gallows, and the other the wheel.

Brumb. Then, to be sure, their maintainance would not cost you any thing.

SCENE XV.

Enter LISETTE.

Lif. Ah! Madame! what a misfortune!

Brumb. What is it?

Lif. Ah! I can say no more!

Brumb. Is the woman in a fit?

Lif. She has run away.

Brumb. So much the better.

Lif. And has taken the young lady with her.

Piff. Now we are paid for all.

Brumb. What? speak!

Lif. When I opened the back-door—as you ordered—she all at once threw away her cloak and veil—and then I saw she was a young gentleman—and then I saw him take Miss Nannette in his arms, and like lightening ran off with her.

Piff. And the young gentleman was with child, ha! ha! ha!

Brumb. Couldn't you cry then?

Lif. I was going to cry—but he drew a dagger—and held it to my breast—and said my death should be the consequence, if I made the least noise.

Brumb. Oh what an unfortunate mother am I! What shall I do! My child! my only child!

Piff. Have I not told you before? it's all deceit.

Brumb. Ah my dearest Baron Piffelburg! if you love me—hasten! fly!—in pursuit of the robber!

Piff. So! I thought it was all over between us?

Brumb. I have wronged you, forgive an unfortunate deceived mother.

Piff. Will you marry me then, if I fetch him back again?

Brumb. Yes! yes!

Piff. Done! I'll see whether I can scent the hare—he will take a round-about course, but I will follow him to the bed, where he jumped out from. *(Exit.)*

Brumb. Away Lisette! call Molkus! he also shall go on the high road, and you too! take the patrol with you! get the gates shut! run! run!—ah! I could tear the hairs from off my head! *(runs to her apartment)*

Lif. Yes, if she had any to tear out. *(Exit laughing.)*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

(THE COMMON HALL IN THE INN. *Night.*)

NANNETTE comes running from Frederic's chamber. FREDERIC follows her.

Nann. NO, I wo'nt stay in your room.

Fred. Why not?

Nann. I don't know why, but my feeling tells me, that it is unbecoming.

Fred. Is it then more becoming here?

Nann. In an open hall, where people pass every moment there is no danger.

Fred. What danger then is there in my room?

Nann. I don't know, but when I am alone with you there, my heart beats. It beats here too but not so much.

Fred. Well? and is the heart-beating a sin then?

Nann. I don't know, but I had a governess, who used to say; shun every thing that makes your heart beat and drives the blood to your face.

Fred. She most likely, had a faded heart and not a drop of blood.

Nann. Pray, fetch a light.

Fred. Are you afraid of ghosts?

Nann. Sometimes, but not when you are with me.

Fred. Why then shall I fetch a light?

Nann. Why! why! you continue asking why? and I do not know it. But there is something within me that whispers: beg him, to fetch a light.

Fred. But what says that something, if I refuse it you?

Nann. Then it becomes uneasy.

Fred. Your bright eyes, give light enough for me.

Nann. Whoever seeks darkness, wants to do wrong.

Fred. Can we do nothing wrong at candle light.

Nann. No, we are ashamed of ourselves.

Fred. Consider only, dear Nannette, if we had a light—three steps from here lives your Mama, how soon we might be surprised and betrayed.

Nann. Ah my God, I almost wish to be betrayed.

Fred. You don't love me then?

Nann. O yes, I am heartily attached to you; but that we are so alone together, is certainly not right.

Fred. Have you not promised to become my wife? and may not husband and wife be alone together.

Nann. Yes, husband and wife may, but we are not husband and wife yet.

Fred. A few hours only, and we shall be so, as soon as daylight appears.

Nann. Ah! I wish it would appear!

Fred. Your impatience will spoil all. We shall be surprised, you will be torn away, and lost to me forever.

Nann. I shall remain faithful to you, indeed I shall.

Fred. Have compassion on my impatience, come to my room.

Nann. Rather into the street, or the market.

Fred. Singular girl! If a girl runs away with a man, she may as well go to his room too.

Nann. Have I then run away with you? ah! that was stupid of me.

Fred. Do you repent that step?

Nann. Almost. What will you think of me? You must believe me to be very thoughtless; indeed it is the first time I have run away with a man.

Fred. (smiling) I willingly believe you.

Nann. You have surprized me so, that I know not how it happened.

Fred. All disquietude will be gone to morrow. Just now something comes into my head, which will obviate your delicacy. I will lead you to my tutor's apartment.

Nann. To the apartment of a man?

Fred. Of a man of fifty.

Nann. Whom I know not.

Fred. I shall stay with you.

Nann. But he will sleep, and we shall still be alone.

Fred. Droll girl; he has a night lamp before his bed.

Nann. And if he wakes?

Fred. Then I present to him my bride.

Nann. It would be better he did not sleep at all.

Fred. (smiling) Agreed. I will wake him.

Nann. Go then.

Fred. Accompany me.

Nann. No, you must wake him first, and then he must fetch me.

Fred. Even that—but I do not like to leave you here alone—yet it is done in two minutes. Do not move, and if any one pass the hall, keep your breath. *(he enters the room.)*

Nann. (alone) Have I then any breath left? It is to me as if I could not repose at all—I tremble like a leaf—Why did my governess say; The wicked only tremble?—But my heart tells me, that love is nothing bad.

SCENE II.

LADY BRUMBACH (*comes softly out of her room.*) Methinks I heard somebody talk, (*listening*) No, all is quiet—My God! how much anxiety and grief this wicked girl of mine, causes me!—Let me only get her again, I will soon confine her in a Convent. (*re-enters her room.*)

Nann. In a Convent?—Ah! then I'll rather go to the Baron's apartment.

SCENE III.

Enter FREDERIC, and FELIX in his night gown.

Fred. Here, dear Mr. Felix, here is the dear bashful girl.

Fel. Frederic! Frederic! What have you done?

Fred. Ask rather, what *will* you do? I will marry her.

Fel. After such an action, you *must* indeed.

Fred. My God, I do not desire it otherwise. Do but turn your lamp and look at her face.

Nann. Dear strange sir, have pity on my innocence! be my father!

Fel. A father, my child, is easier deceived than a mother.

Nann. (*to Frederic*) Do you hear it? he reproaches me. Ah? it goes through my heart? I will return to my mother. She will confine me in a Convent—there I shall constantly weep—but here I can't be happy either.

Fred. Dear Mr. Felix! listen to the voice of the purest innocence! if ever you have loved me, assist me!

Fel. I pity your weakness, still more the inexperience of this good girl. I will assist you, but on one condition.

Fred. I agree to any.

Fel. You must at day-break throw yourself at her mother's feet, and beg for her blessing.

Fred. Willingly ! willingly !

Fel. Till then this young lady remains under my protection.

Nann. Ah, now I become easier.

Fel. Will you trust yourself to me ?

Nann. With joy ! you appear to be so good, so honest, I have confidence in you.

Fel. Go then, dear child, into this room, I follow you immediately.

Fred. Go Nannette, and slumber if you can.

Nann. I slumber ? feel how my heart beats. I felt so but once in my life, when I had the small-pox, and then I could not sleep at all. (*Exit.*)

Fred. Do not leave the poor timorous girl alone.

Fel. But one word more, young man——Maiden's honour is like polished steel—a breath, and it looses its lustre.

Fred. Not by the breath of love.

Fel. Just by that the soonest. This girl seems to be a spotless lamb. If this should be one of your love intrigues ; if you were capable, to sacrifice her after three days to a fancy——

Fred. Never !

Fel. I hope it not, for I know your heart——But I must declare to you, that in such a case, I would immediately quit you, and call your father's curse upon you !

Fred. To-morrow she is my wife !

Fel. As soon as the mother consents, she is your wife.

SCENE IV.

LADY BRUMBACH (*comes once more to the door.*)

It still seems to me——My God ! a ghost ! (*shuts the door behind her.*)

Fred. This was the old one.

Fel. How am I—Methinks I know the voice.

Fred. Have you ever heard the crocking of the crows.

Fel. Now I'll go to the poor timorous creature. You stay meanwhile, where you can, and do not appear before me till you have gained the maternal consent. *(Exit.)*

Fred. That will be a difficult matter. Yet I must make the experiment—When a powerful prince has an appetite to a province, he begins, by taking possession of it, and the treaty of peace follows of course. Namette is in my power, that's the main point:—And if Lady Brumbach was the devil's grandmother, her claws shall never tear her from me again.—But what shall I do with myself just now? To my bride I dare not go, sleep, I cannot, and pray, I will not. Nothing is so tedious, as the languor of a lover—The hour creeps, we follow it, we pass it, we wink—all in vain! It creeps the pace of snails.—We want to carry it forwards—Ah! it is as heavy as lead. We put wishes to the carriage, they won't draw; whip it with the nettles of impatience, it won't proceed. Accompanied by prayers and curses, it at last arrives at its destination. The lover embraces his bride—and then the next hour runs as if it was mad—No cry of halt can stop it, no wish overtake it! it runs along! along into eternity!—and sometimes it takes love away with it.

SCENE V.

LISETTE *(comes timorously through the middle door.)*

Fred. Is there not something moving? *(he coughs.)*

Lif. H'm! h'm!

Fred. That's a woman's cough, *(in a low voice)* from what beautiful breast does this h'm proceed?—No answer?—Hush? hush!

Lif. Hush! hush!

Fred. What beautiful lips does this hush come from?

Lif. Is it you, Baron?

Fred. Baron? there are many Barons, which of them do you mean?

Lif. Baron Wellinghorst.

Fred. You have hit it. And you?

Lif. I am Lisette.

Fred. Ah Lisette! is it you? come, let me embrace you. You come quite apropos, to help me passing my time.

Lif. Where is my young Lady?

Fred. Secure enough with my Tutor. But where are you driving about, at midnight?

Lif. Lady Brumback has sent me out to search for you.

Fred. Have you found me then?

Lif. Do not jest. I know not what to do.

Fred. Stay with me.

Lif. Bring me to my young lady.

Fred. That won't do.

Lif. Why not?

Fred. She is with my tutor, an old peevish man.

Lif. My God! Shall I then return to lady Brumback?

Fred. Who compels you then?

Lif. She will scold, bawl, grumble, and heaven protect me, if she finds out that I have favoured your roguery.

Fred. Be tranquil. I declare you, in this solemn hour, by virtue of my matrimonial power, as the well advised chambermaid of my wife, from this hour to all eternity, and as a token of my sincerity, I give you this kiss as earnest money.

Lif. (*opposing him*) This is stolen money; it belongs to your bride.

Fred. Take it, I recoin this piece of money every minute.

Lif. It is good for nothing, where love does not make the impression. Jest aside, Baron, I enter into your service. 'Tis but just, for you have brought me into this dilemma.

Ferd. Well then, I will get you out of it.

Lif. That is not the question. But where can I go to now? now, this moment? On the right hand is hell, (*pointing to Lady Brumbach's room*) and on the left Satan. (*pointing to Frederic.*)

Fred. How would that be, if you was to go to purgatory till morning?

Lif. How is that?

Fred. See, there in the wardrode, I use to get my hair dressed. Some old cloaks are hanging there. In one corner stands an umbrella, and in the other a lantern. Will you stay there till morning?

Lif. Rather than with the old witch.

Fred. Come then, I'll carry in a chair, and at daybreak Nannette shall relieve you.

Lif. A fine opportunity to reflections of penitence.

Fred. As long only as one is alone.

(*he leads her to the wardrobe*)

Lif. My God, it is as dark here as in a grave.

Fred. Your black eyes will give you light.

Lif. I am not a cat, Sir.

Fred. There, sit down upon this chair, and be as quiet as a mouse.—Good night my pretty Lisette. (*he closes the door*) Now I'll creep about the house, like a ghost. I will hear every mouse behind the paper hangings, and every worm in the wainscoat.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter MOLKUS, coming through the middle door.

Molk. I would rather pursue a hare than a lover who runs away with his girl. A race horse has but four legs, but such a fellow has wings.—I have been running about half the night

in wind and rain. My sound leg is tired, and the wooden one covered with mud. I can do no more. For me they may run to the Arabian deserts, and eat Locusts, like St. John.—If I go to the old dragon and make my report, I shall jump out of the flying pan into the fire. I'll rather encamp here for the night, no matter how it goes. *(he sits down upon an arm chair)* Hang it! it is as soft as if it had been made for a gouty man.—Thank God, I can have the gout but in one leg—Ah! now I feel again comfortable and warm — *(gaps)* and powerful sleep is creeping on. — It an't a bed, to be sure, — but after such a fatigue — When in the seven years war, — I stood on an out-post — there sometimes I would — lay on my musket — and nod — nod — *(he murmurs a few more unintelligible words, and then falls asleep.)*

 SCENE VII.

Enter PIFFELBURG. MOLKUS, sleeping.

Piff. All my greyhounds wo'nt overtake this hare. That's an old fox, who has often been at it. We must encircle him and hunt him up, or he will get off clear, and eat the chicken up, without mercy. A whole hour I have been upon the trot through thick and thin. What have I gained by it? wet feet, pain in my ears, and the gout in my arms.—Shall I let the old one wash my head into the bargain? No, no, I'll stay here till daylight, and attempt to sleep a little on one of the chairs. *(He fumbles about, and touches the chair on which Molkus sleeps.)* Aye, aye, here is a chair. Now let us try whether an old huntsman, after such a fatigue, can fall asleep without rocking. *(He sits upon Molkus's lap.)*

Molk. *(wakes)* Heigh, there! The night-mare has got hold of me!

Piff. Thunder and lightning! what's that?

Molk. (*encircles him with both his arms*) I have him! I have him!

Piff. Satan, let me go!

Molk. The robber is caught!

Piff. All good spirits, praise our Lord!

Molk. Bring light! light!

Piff. You are the prince of darkness!

Molk. I shan't let you go; where is the young lady?

Piff. Satan's claws, leave me!

SCENE VIII.

Enter FREDERIC, (dressed as a butler, humpbacked, stuttering, with a plaster over one eye, and a candle in his hand.)

Fred. What noise is this? Gentlemen, what are you about?

Piff. Ah, Molkus! is it you?

Molk. Ah, Baron Piffelburg! is it you? I thought you were that robber.

Piff. I thought, you were the devil.

Molk. Why did you sit down on my lap?

Piff. I would rather be on Abram's lap than sit again on yours. I am so terrified that all my limbs tremble!

Fred. I am only employed in this house since yesterday, but if it be every night so noisy, the devil take such employ! what do you want here at so late an hour?

Molk. I was running after the eloped young lady.

Fred. Hopping after her you meant to say.

Piff. I did the same.

Fred. Have you caught her then?

Piff. Ask me rather whether I could outrun a hare?

Molk. Who knows in what ambush she has fortified herself?

Fred. But if I should know it?

Piff. You?

Molk. You?

Fred. You must not betray me.

Piff. By no means.

Molk. Let us hear then.

Fred. The young people are still here in this house.

Piff. and Molk. Where? Where?

Fred. Do you see the dining room?

Piff. Well?

Fred. There they are not.

Piff. Proceed, proceed.

Fred. And there is the wardrobe——

Molk. Well?

Fred. There they are neither.

Piff. Scoundrel, do we want to know where they are not?

Fred. Patience! patience! if they are not yet there, they may come to it.

Piff. Think you then, they will——

Fred. I heard whispering. When all is quiet in the house, the young gentleman intends to put her into the wardrobe.

Molk. Into the wardrobe? a fine ambush.

Fred. But the young lady objects to it. She says it was too dark there, too solitary.

Piff. Where then does she mean to stay?

Fred. In the dining room.

Piff. Then we must be in ambush there.

Fred. But the young gentleman insisted on the wardrobe.

Molk. Then we must take our post there.

Fred. But the young lady insisted on the dining room. No, said he, no, said she, yes, no, yes.

Piff. Thunder and lightning! who then carried the point at last?

Fred. See now, I think so: be attentive. If you both go into the wardrobe, and the young lady does *not* come there——

Molk. Then we wait in vain.

Fred. Quite right. But if you both go to the dining room, and the young lady goes to the wardrobe——

Piff. Then we are hum'd.

Fred. You have guessed it. But if one of you hides himself *here*, and the other *there*, then she cannot escape you.

Piff. Bravo! it is to me as if I had caught her already.

Fred. Only keep her fast.

Piff. Be not concerned.

Molk. I will take post in the dining room.

Piff. Do so, and at the first noise I'll come to your assistance.

Molk. That's right. The allied army forms a line.

(He goes to the dining room.)

Fred. Off with you to the wardrobe.

Piff. Give me the light.

Fred. God forbid! If a light was seen, nobody would enter.

Piff. It is not haunted, I hope?

Fred. Ha! ha! ha! By fine girls sometimes.

Piff. Fine girls are not always good spirits. *(He goes to the wardrobe.)*

Fred. So. Now you may sit there till broad day-light. *(looks at his watch)* Three o'clock. Creep, creep, creep, you leaden hours! But a time will come, in which I will dance with you through the world!

SCENE IX.

Enter LADY BRUMBACH.

Brumb. *(coming timorously out of the door)* Thank God! there is light. Tell me, my good friend, is not this house haunted?

Fred. How so?

Brumb. I have heard a strange noise.

Fred. The cats.

Brumb. I have seen a figure, a hideous ghost.

Fred. (aside) She most likely was before her looking glass.

Brumb. I have sent out all my people; be so kind to stay with me.

Fred. Cheerfully, Madame, what company could be more agreeable than yours?

Brumb. Have you heard any thing of my daughter?

Fred. Of your daughter?—Well——

Brumb. You shrug your shoulders? speak!

Fred. I know very well——

Brumb. What do you know?

Fred. That she has run away.

Brumb. That I know too.

Fred. I met them on the stairs.

Brumb. And have not stopped them?

Fred. If I was to stop every one I meet on the stairs——

Brumb. But my God! you well saw——

Fred. What have I seen? a young lady with a young gentleman. Nothing new, I am sure, in an inn.

Brumb. Where are they gone then?

Fred. Between us, I believe, they are in this house yet.

Brumb. In this house? My good friend, I'll reward you, if you assist me in catching them.

Fred. I do it willingly without reward. Please to go to the dining room.

Brumb. Well?

Fred. There on the left hand you will find a door, leading to a long passage, where a lamp is burning.

Brumb. Proceed.

Fred. You then go to the end of the passage, where you will find a small stairs.

Brumb. There I step up?

Fred. No, no, you step down, and then you are all at once in the yard.

Brumb. And what shall I do there?

Fred. What you please.

Brumb. Blockhead! but where shall I find my daughter?

Fred. You cross the yard, and leave the cow stable at your left.

Brumb. If I wanted an ox, I had not far to look for it.

Fred. At the farther end you will see the laundry.

Brumb. Is she there?

Fred. God forbid!—but at the side of the laundry——

Brumb. Well? at the side of the laundry?

Fred. Is a Mangle-house.

Brumb. There she has hid herself?

Fred. Perhaps so.

Brumb. At last! I will put on my cloak. My friend, you shall go with me.

Fred. Willingly.

(Lady Brumbach goes to her room.)

Fred. (alone) I accompany you, old dragon? No, I am not inclined to wade with you in the dung puddle. I have disposed of all my good friends, now they may find the way themselves. *(he puts the candle on the table, and runs off.)*

Brumb. (returns in a fur cloak) Here I am again—— Now? Where is the fellow?——Indeed, he left me and his reward. No matter, since I know where to find my runaway daughter. Dining room, passage, stairs, yard, cow stable, laundry, Mangle-house,—right!—shall I take the candle with me, or leave it here? In the dining room it's dark, but in the passage burns a lamp. Better I creep in the dark, and appear suddenly among them, like Peter the great among the conspirators, if only I do not meet the ghost. *(She goes into the dining room.)*

Soon after Molkus is heard crying.)

Molk. I have her! I have her!

Brumb. Help! Help!

Molk. What help! Mama will help soon enough. Out of the hole!

SCENE X.

MOLKUS (holding Lady Brumbach in his arms, throws the door open with his foot, and cries whilst he carries her out.)

I have her! I have her!

Brumb. (recognizing Molkus) Molkus, what possesses you?

Molk. (looks at his prize, lets her go in consternation, and remains standing before her with staring eyes.)

Brumb. Are you drunk again?

Molk. It seems so; bewitched at least.

Piff. (within) I have her! I have her!

Lif Help! Help!

Brumb. What's that?

Molk. He has got hold of her, if the devil does not play him a trick too.

Piff. (within) Resist as much as you please, I shall hold you fast.

SCENE XI.

PIFFELBURG. (holding Lisette in his arms, pushes the door open with his foot, and cries, bringing her out)

I have her! I have her!

Brumb. Baron Piffelburg, what does that mean? What are you doing with my chambermaid?

Piff. (Looks at his prize, drops Lisette, and stands staring.)

Brumb. On what chace have you been?

Piff. Seemingly on the witch chace.

Brumb. I am quite petrified. All three of you I have sent

out, and now find you at home? My pretty Baron Piffelburg, what business have you in the wardrobe?

Piff. I was on the look out.

Brumb. And you, Molkus, what had you to do in the dining room?

Molk. I lay in ambush.

Brumb. And you, impudent girl?

Lis. I—I wanted to mend the laces, in which your ladyship tore holes at the last ball.

Brumb. To mend laces in the dark? fine indeed!—And you, Baron Piffelburg, are not ashamed at all?

Piff. And for what then? That the devil plays hide and go seek in your house?

Brumb. Is this the friend in need? is this your love? instead of pursuing my daughter, I find you with my chambermaid in a suspicious corner?

Piff. Thunder and lightning! the devil fetch you and your daughter! I am tired of it! The moment I put my feet in your house, Satan sets all his evil spirits loose. There comes a damned fellow and calls me father; another scoundrel pretends to be my mistress, and at last, when I hold your daughter fast, she converts herself into Lisette. Is it not all a comedy? It can't be worse on the Block's mountain*. No, Madame, I am your humble servant. I will rather eat potatoes and turnips between the ruins of my castle, than to marry into this family of witches. [Exit.

Brumb. Ah! what an unfortunate woman I am! My daughter is eloped; my lover runs off; all, all leave me in the lurch.

Molk. I see clearly, that the spy has deceived us.

Brumb. But come. I know where Nannette is concealed. Take the light, Molkus, follow me through the passage, into the yard, into the cow stable, into the laundry, into the Mangle-house.

Molk. God preserve us! she is crack-brained.

* A place which Poets say to be the rendezvous of Witches.

SCENE XII.

Enters FREDERIC (in his proper appearance.)

Fred. (throws himself at the feet of Lady Brumbach.) Stay, Madame, and excuse the love, which is the cause of all this confusion.

Brumb. Who are you sir? What is your desire?

Fred. I am the man, who ran away with your daughter.

Brumb. And you venture to appear before me?

Fred. Permit me to make good my transgression. I am Baron Willinghorst, the only heir of a rich house——

Brumb. And if you were the heir of the Emperor of Abyssinia——

Fred. I love your daughter, your daughter loves me——

Brumb. In a Convent between two walls she shall atone for her disobedience.

Fred. No, this feeling heart will not forever be immovable; those lovely lips were made, but to pronounce blessing.

Brumb. Flattery? away with you, sir!

Fred. Pardon!

Brumb. Curse!

Fred. Your daughter at least.

Brumb. As soon as I have broke her neck.

Fred. Will you drive me to despair.

Brumb. Yes, sir! I wish you would go to hell in despair.

Fred. You are not serious.

Brumb. (disdainful) I do not jest with children.

Fred. Child? I am then indeed your child?

Brumb. My satan you are! be off!

Fred. I shall not rise, till you give me your beautiful hand as a token of reconciliation.

Brumb. Then you may lay there till the end of time.

Fred. Well Madame! I shall lay here till the sun extinguishes, and the earth is torn from its poles.

Brumb. Be sparing with your hyperboles. I shall never give my daughter to a man, who begins his suite by depriving an innocent girl of her honor.

Fred. Of her honor?

Brumb. Who intended to cover my black hair with grief and shame.

Fred. With shame, Madame?

Brumb. I hope you won't endeavour to make me believe, that it was honorable for a young girl to run away with a young fellow at midnight, and to hide herself with him, God knows where?

Fred. You wrong me. Miss Nannette is under the protection of a venerable old man, my Tutor.

Brumb. So? a pretty Tutor!

Fred. He himself will assure you, that your daughter's honor and innocence have been treated with the greatest delicacy, and that I even durst not see her during the whole night. (*he rises and opens the door of his apartment.*) Come Nannette! come dear Mr. Felix! assist me in softening the obdurate maternal heart.

SCENE XIII.

Enter NANNETTE and FELIX.

Brumb. (crying loud) Ah! my husband!

Fel. By all the devils! my wife!

Brumb. Is it you, Charles?

Fel. Is it you, Salomeh?

Fred. What means all this?

Brumb. Are you not dead yet?

Fel. Alas! no.

Lis. (aside) A tender meeting.

Brumb. Have I not cited you in all the newspapers?

Fel. Did not I go out of your way?

THE WILD YOUTH.

7.

Lis. (aside) Now she has all at once a husband.

Fred. (to Felix) If I understand right, this lady is your wife?

Felix. Alas! yes!

Nann. (to her mother) Dearest mama! is this gentleman my father?

Brumb. Alas! yes.

Lis. How moving and edifying!

Nann. (embracing Felix) My father! What unexpected joy!

Fel. My good child, you help me to support the presence of your mother.

Fred. O now we are all relieved at once? Dear Mr. Felix, from you I expect my sentence.

Felix. Yes, dear Frederic, she is yours. I know your heart. The wine is yet fomenting, but it is good. Indeed, dear Nannette, you often will have to exercise your patience.

Nann. I'll have patience, dear papa.

Brumb. Very well, Charles, you may do as you please, she is your daughter. But you are mistaken if you think that I shall ever be your wife again. I have cited you in all the papers, and we have been formally divorced for your malicious desertion, as the lawyers call it. The consistory has wrote full twelve sheets about it, and put a large seal under it.

Fel. I have not the least objection against it. Take, if you please, three husbands more, and get divorced three times more. My property you may keep, for the sake of the amiable daughter you have given me.

Brumb. We may meet in company with propriety?

Fel. O yes.

Brumb. And I never shall make the least mention of what I suffered with you.

Fel. Nor I neither.

THE WILD YOUTH.

Brumb. Then, *mes chers enfans*, I will not withhold from you my blessing any longer.

Fel. God's blessing be upon you ! and with tears in my eyes, I conjure you—Do not follow the example of your parents.

Fred. Dearest Nannette ! you are mine !

Nann. Dear Father !

Fel. Now children, you must separate. You, Nannette, go with your mother, and you, Frederic, follow me.

Nann. I am not sleepy at all.

Fred. Nor I neither.

Fel. To-morrow, children, to-morrow your wishes shall be crowned.—Good night, Madame.

Brumb. Good night, sir.

Fred. Sleep well, dear Nannette.

Nann. Sleep well, dear Frederic.

FELIX, and Lady BRUMBACH (*make the usual courtesies, Frederic and Nannette throw kisses to each other ; all go to their apartments.*)

Molk. A singular occurrence.

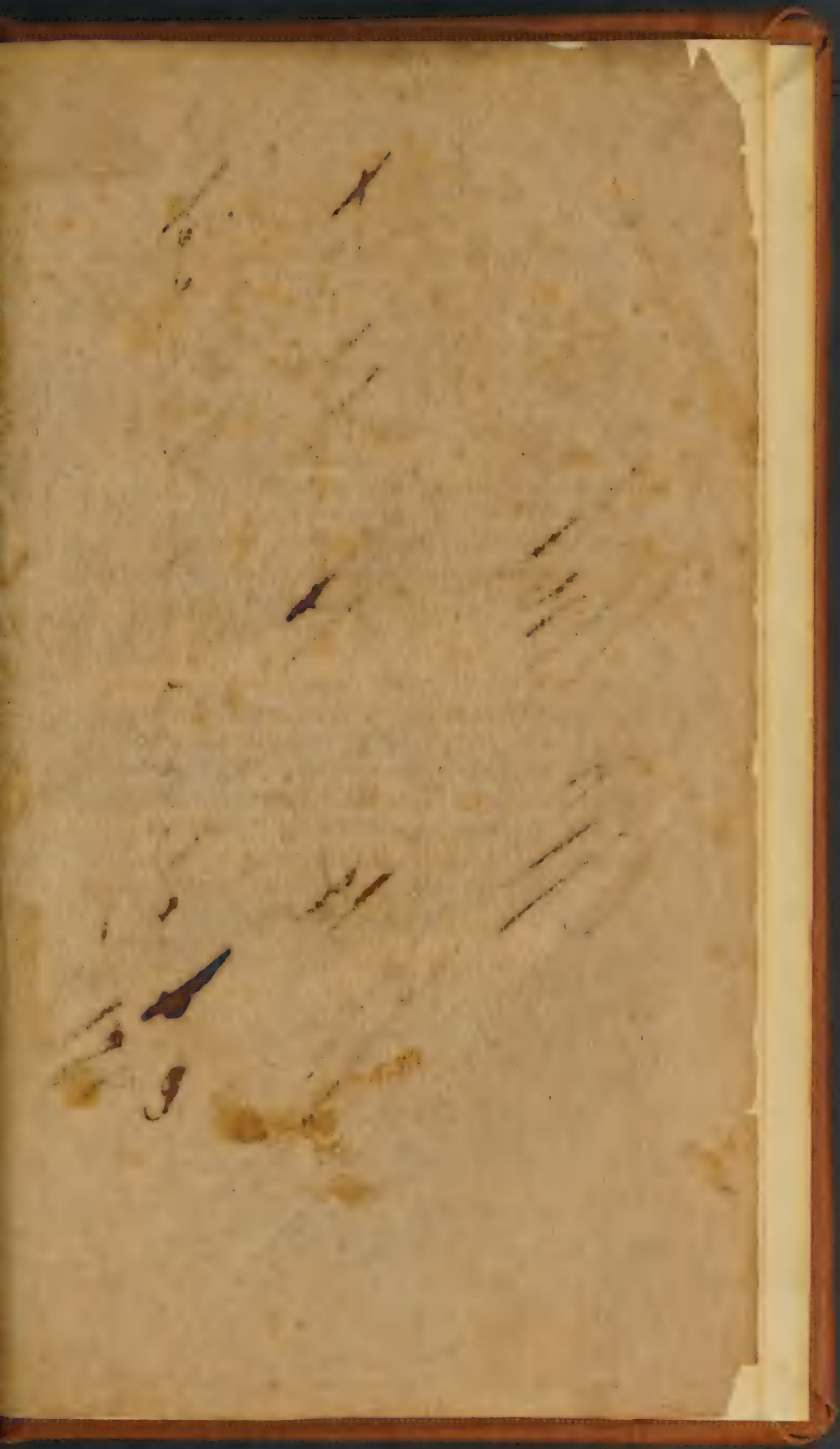
Lif. Now Molkus, you wanted to marry me last evening.

Molk. I was drunk then.

(*Exit.*)

Lif. (alone) So ? and is not the young gentleman drunk too ?—Aye, aye, I fear, in four weeks, he will be sober enough.

THE END.

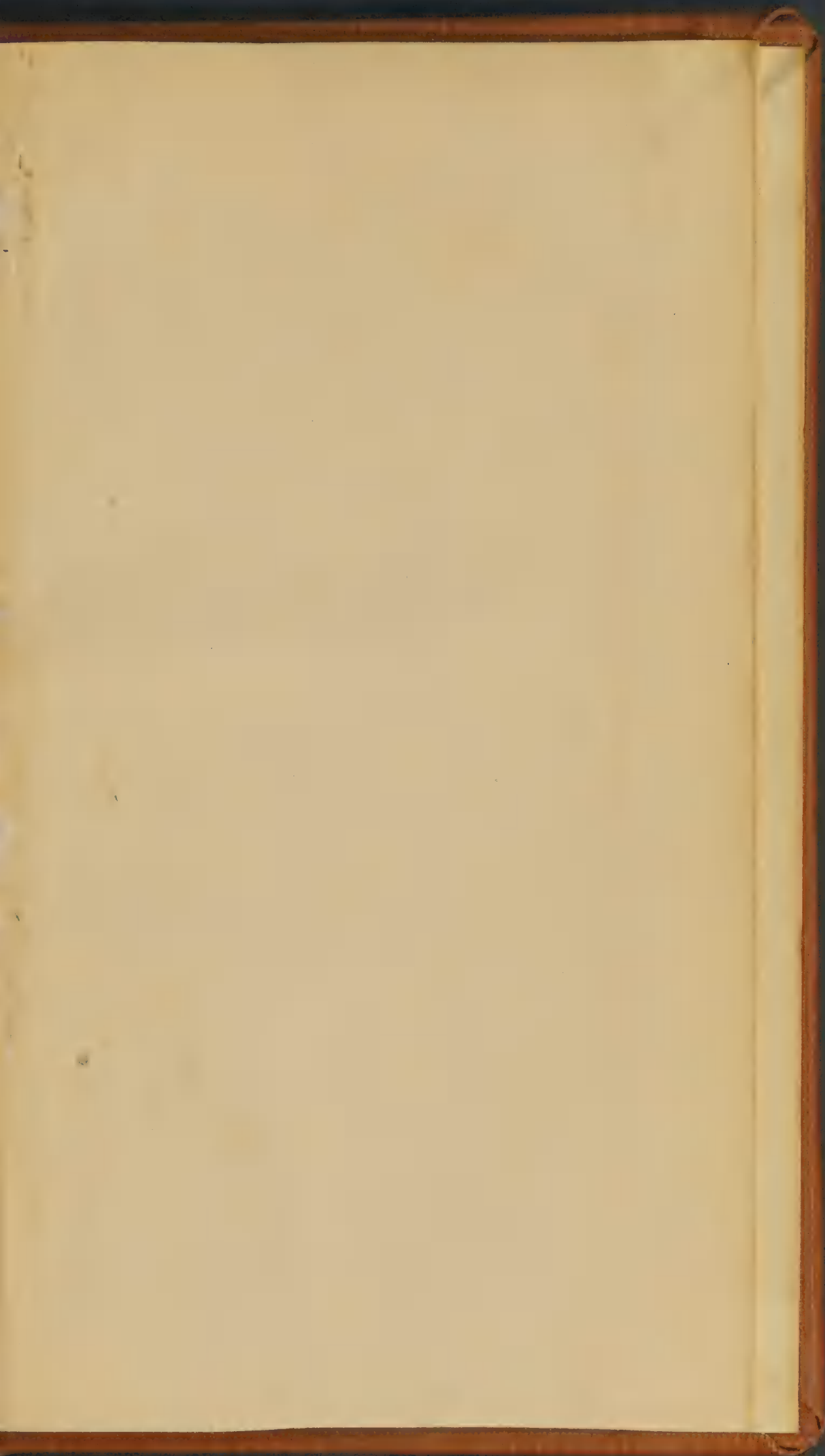


~~Mr. McKee~~

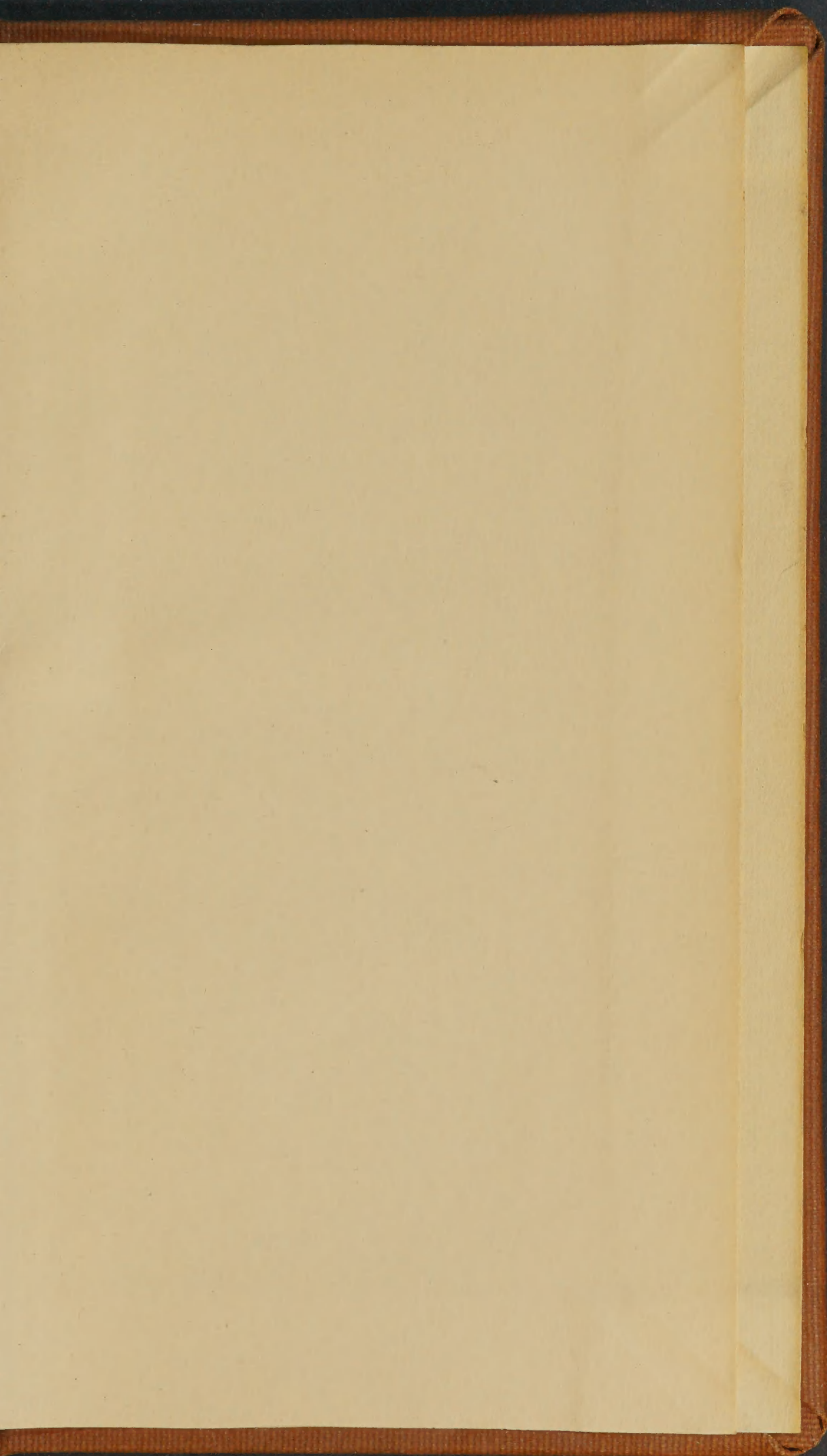
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